THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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ALICE CARY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

As one, with light unconscious hand,
Half makes imperial melody,—
Slow pacing over golden sand
Beside a summer sea—

Sweet poet! of all pleasant times
O'erblown with odor, thou dost bring
Bright memory,—writ in starry rhymes,
And musical as spring.

The wild March wind—the dainty blush
Of April day-breaks—and the fall
Of May-eves—and June roses, lush,
Climbing the cabin wall—

The soft, dim whispering, under eaves
Of July splendor—and the boughs
Of August, leaning full of leaves
Over red autumn's brows—

Burst into blossom in thy lay,
And crown thee queen of such delights
As soothed white-browed Idalia,
Troubling Thessalian nights

With shafts of love song, silver-tipped,
And winged from nooks of spice and bloom,
Where sweet Scamander honey-lipp'd,
Sobbed through the purple gloom.

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Pleasant Grove, Pa.

Original Novelet.

TALLENGETTA;

OR,

THE SQUATTER'S HOME.

A STORY OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY WILLIAM HOWITT,

AUTHOR OF "RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND," "HOMES OF THE POETS," &c.

CHAPTER III.

NEIGHBORS.

Notwithstanding the generally auspicious appearance of things on the station at Tallengetta, yet as things are never wholly right anywhere in this world, so neither were they there.

Peggy Wilks and her husband had discovered a great deal more than they had rational reason to expect in their new world. They had not only a comfortable hut and plenty to do, and good pay, but they had immediate neighbors, and from their own neighborhood in England. The Barkses and the Purdeys knew all and everything and person that they knew at home, and often they spent very delightful hours talking over all those old familiar matters. In an evening when all work was done, and the cool night air made a little fire pleasant, they would assemble in each other's huts, and have a most refreshing gossip.

There was nothing that could be started that Purdy, in particular, did not know everything, and more than that about it. Mention a man, no matter who—Oh, yes, he knew him, who his father was, his mother, his grandmother; how he came to be lame, how he jumped into his present berth. Name a place, at once he knew all about the squire, and the rector, and how he came to get the living by taking the fancy of a certain lady at Bath, and all about the duel in which there was trickery in the weapons, and, of course, murder, nothing else. He knew where that child was born, that certain people declared never was born; where it was carried to in a butter-maund, and who it was now, though that child that ought to have been a duke, knew nothing of this, and was only a coal merchant. Peggy Wilks and Hannah Barks had no lack of such stories at the end, and no sooner was this end out, than Purdy would seize it, and pull it out like a man at a fair pulling out whole yards of ribbons from his throat, and would illustrate and verify every point of it.

Could there be any more charming luck than to have dropped into such a congenial society, and to enjoy such precious "evenings at home?"

Yet Peggy Wilks was not contented. She was an odd woman, was Peggy. She liked to grumble; she could not live without it, and yet she hated to hear anybody else grumble.

"What are the thankless folks worretting about?" she was sure to say, if they were repining at anything. "Haven't they enough to be thankful for? Isn't it a shame now to hear them going on so, and so much as they've had done for them? But there's no thanks nor gratitude in this world. The more a body does, the more they're pecked at. I hate your black-hearted, double-faced, uncontented gentry, I do."

Yet Peggy was not altogether contented herself. She had plenty, "thank the Lord for it." She had health—"thank goodness for that too." Abner had lost his rheumatiz, "saints be praised,"—and had "an uncommon fine garden to rule in," and as for the family, Peggy would have really gone through fire and water for them all. But yet, she liked to grumble now and then, even at them—herself, mind,—nobody else was to do it, at the peril of her fiercest anger. But the things which chafed Peggy here were the heat and the "varmint."

"Drat these flies!" she would say as Abner came in at noon to his dinner. "I think I'll e'en gie my smiking, and you may bring in raw letticis and ingins to our bread. What with the heat, one might just as well live in an oven; and what with those millions of outrageousest flies, I tell thee what, Abner, my life's a plague to me. There's the mutton that was killed just an hour sin' it's full of maggots half an inch long, it swarms wi' 'em."

"Just scrape them off," said Abner, "and pop the steaks into the frying pan."

"Ay, just and just, man, that is soon said, but just you now try it yourself, and see how you'll hold the pan and fry, twenty thousand flies a darting at your eyes, nose and mouth at once, I never a hand at liberty to fight with 'em."

But I never do fight 'em," said Abner.

Oh, laws no! that's true," retorted Peggy; "an let them crawl all over your face, and fill your very eye-holes till they are black as my shoe, with the creeping, crawling varmint,—ugh! it makes my flesh creep to see it."

"But my flesh doesn't creep," said Abner.

"No, it only should," exclaimed Peggy, indignantly; "but you've no more feeling in your skin than a rhinoceros; your skin is just like leather;—stringy-bark is more of a skin by half. I wouldn't own such a skin, I wouldn't. But today I've done nothing but get tanged (stung) with those nasty pismires, as is a crawling over every manner of thing. Sets my basket on the grass,—jump! comes something, and tang! goes something into my hand, just like a needle. Leans my hand in my fright against a tree, tang! goes another villain in my neck. Shakes my neckhandkerchief, and Lord above us! jumps half a score of the nasty, stinging wretches down my back. Runs in to pull off my clothes, the little devils tanging and tormenting all the way, and just as I sits down to on the bed, there I sees a hugous sentrypeed curled up with all its legs in my best cap. Out I throws him into the garden, and runs out to stamp on him, and then he isn't to be found, the filthy reptile, but I potters amongst the wood heap, and stead of him nearly sets my thumb on a horrid scorpian! Sky above us! who'se safe here for a blessed minute."

"Why you, Peggy," said Abner, smiling. "You're safe enough yet."

"Safe enough, am I? And that's all you care for a good wife like me, is it? But you mayn't just have me one of these days. Safe, indeed! that's because you don't know nothing about it. Safe, am I? And you'd ha' said so, wouldn't you, if you had been down at the creek when I went for a bucket of water to-day. Sets down my bucket, and is just going to swing into the water by the rope, and flap goes something into the water, and what was it? Just a great ugly, deadly omfabulous, venomous snake, as black as black could be, and about a yard long. My heart jumped into my mouth, and I should have given such a screech, but I lost my voice, and I was just tumbling into the water in my start, only my fright made me turn and run. Let the monster have just bitten me, as was a narrow miss, and then I should have been safe enough, you may take my word for it."

This was at noon. At evening, when Abner came in, he found Peggy cleaned up, and with her bettermost gownd on, as she called it, and sitting at the tea-table waiting for him.

"All safe, yet, Peggy?" asked Abner, rather daringly. "No more flies, ants, snakes, or triantelopes?"

"Get your tea, man," said Peggy, "and be thankful that nothing hurts you, only that you don't know summer from winter, nor spring from autumn. It's a pretty country where they call December June, and June December."

"But they don't," said Abner.

"Don't they?" said Peggy. "Then why do you set your potatoes in September, and gather your gooseberries in January? I thought you were cracking your poor skull to know one time from another, and thought that the moons had all run backwards, and that your north aspect for sun and your south aspect for shade rather bothered you."

"Well, they did," said Abner; "but I've found a remedy for that. I've just altered all the names in my 'Gardener's Calendar,' with a pen, and written June for December, and April for October, and so on, and all comes as clear as a post after a pea-blossom. I never stop to think about it now; autumn's autumn, and spring's spring again, as I've written it."

"Well, then, as you're so sharp," said Peggy, "I wish you'd just turn the world round, as you've turned the seasons, and set us down at Thrumpton again, out of reach of these flies and sentrypeeds. I wonder what we must be doing to come to such a country as this, just to please a parcel of broken-down gentry."

"Broken-down gentry!" said Abner; "pray, who may they be? I've followed none, though I would have done it, had it been so. But you don't call Sir Thomas a broken-down gentleman, I hope? You don't call an estate like this a broken-down man's estate, I hope?"

"Who are you setting up, you simpleton? Who are you Sir Thomasing? I don't know any such man; and if these here ain't broken-down gentry, who is? If they ain't, man, where is Thrumpton Hall and Heathercott Hall? And what's that Sir Patrick doing there, as grand as any lord? More fools we for coming all this way after nothing but flies and omfibilous water-snakes."

Abner sat down to his tea; stirred his cup with a very upright spoon, which seemed to grind surlily against the bottom, and was silent as if in anger. But he know his cue, and, all at once, taking a large slice of brown bread and butter, and doubling it up, he said:

"Well, Peggy, it is a pity we're come, just, as you say, to please a parcel of broken-down gentry, but I thought nothing would stop you, as I could have stayed well enough. Sir Patrick offered me high wages."

Peggy looked fire and daggers.

"And you'd have been mean enough to have taken the dirty money of that dirty, designing, thieving body, that has dropped hisself like a cookow into another's nest? Well, that becomes you now, it does; but," added Peggy, getting redder and redder, "I'd ha' cut my hand off first, before I'd ha' moved a knuckle bone for such a wretch!—an upstart! a base impostor! a ——"

"Gentleman of property, however," said Abner, taking another slice of bread and butter, "and not a broken-down gentry."

"Who are you calling broken-down gentry?" said Peggy, firing up more fiercely.

"Who?" said Abner, "why the same that you called so."

"Well, and if I called them so, have not I a right to call them so? I who saw them married, and nursed the children, and the blessed boy that died; and helped to cheer them up when they were in trouble. I've a right, if anybody has. I should think so—and when I say it, I don't mean it; it's only because I feel savage inneetly, must say something; and when I know that I mean no harm, why there's no harm in it. But, as to you, Abner—oh, fie! fie on you, to foul your lips with such words! I'd rather sew them up, I would."

Abner gravely said he gave in, as he had done scores of times before, and said Peggy was quite right; he admired her spirit; and all the time he laughed in his sleeve, and enjoyed the fun.

Up at the house, just as this dialogue took place, Mr. Fitzpatrick, after a long, solitary ride over the plains, threw himself on the sofa, and said:

"After all, this is rather a slow affair, this bush life. If we had a pleasant neighbor or two, to exchange a word with, now and then, we might do."

"Neighbors!" said Aunt Judith, "but where are we to look for them?"

"Well," said Charles, "I have made out that we have no less than four families of neighbors within a circle of fifteen or twenty miles. There are the Metcalfes on the Campaspe, and the Quarriers on the Goulburn; Captain Ponceford, just below here,——"

"Just below!" said Georgina, laughing; "five miles off."

"Yes, just below, Gremby," continued Charles; "and there is Dr. Woolstan, at Mount Corballa, over the hills there."

"What, is he a medical man?" asked Aunt Judith. "That is good hearing, if he be a clever man."

"A very clever man, they tell me," said Charles, and only seventeen miles off."

"For our comfort!" said Mr. Fitzpatrick, laughing. "We need not be dead above once or twice over before we could have him, if he did not happen to be making a medical visit away on the Billibong, or the Yanko over the Murray, some hundred or two of miles in the other direction."

All laughed, and yet said it was no laughing matter; and from that day, for a month, the whole place was astir with sheep-washing, shearing and packing of wool. The gentlemen were as busy and as interested in it as if it were the most delightful occupation in the world; and no more was thought of want of company. Then, one day, at noon, as they were just getting their dinner, they saw a stoutish man, with a full, ruddy face, ride up at a brisk rate into the court, and presently he was announced as Mr. Quarrier. Without waiting to be invited the squatter walked in with as brisk a pace as he had ridden up, and, with a face full of smiles, he passed from one to another in a quick, familiar style, shook both ladies and gentlemen heartily by the hand; bade them welcome to the bush; apologized for not being able to call before; but pleaded business, and said he supposed they had found that there was no great ceremony used in the bush; that he hoped that they would not be long before they discovered much warm-heartedness.

Scarcely waiting for invitation, he seated himself at table, and fell into the use of his knife and fork as naturally as possible; congratulated the ladies on their fine situation, only feared it a bore to get water up from the lake so far; congratulated Mr. Fitzpatrick on the good clip and good price of wool; hoped they had not much grass-seed in their fleeces; said he heard that there was catarrh on the Upper Goulburn, and then, turning suddenly to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, said Mrs. Quarrier, and his mother, and the girls meant to drive over and see them soon; pulled out his watch just as the cloth was drawn; said he would just take a cigar and a toddy while his horse eat a little corn, and would be off, for he meant to be at home by daylight.

With that he jumped up, and went out to see his horse; came in, and sate with Mr. Fitzpatrick and Charles as he smoked his cigar; talked at a wonderful rate of the colony, the squatting interests, the abominable attempts of certain radicals in Melbourne to invade their rights; drew out a long printed memorial, that he had sent to the Home Government on the subject; hoped Mr. Fitzpatrick would stand up for the poor squatters and the great wool trade, and then, hurrying to say good-bye to the ladies, was seen cantering off down the very steepest part of the hill, splashing through the water of the creek, stopping a moment to shake hands with Mr. Rannock, the overseer, at the door of his hut, and then off again at full speed through the woods.

"Do you call that a squatter?" said Aunt Judith, with a droll expression of countenance, as they saw Mr. Quarrier vanish into the bush. "I should call him a rusher. I feel exactly as if a whirlwind or a torrent had gone through the house, don't you? Are those your squatters, your quiet men of the woods, whose name gives you an idea of people sitting in profoundest composure like hares on their forms, or Ozymandias in the desert? Why, they are all mercury and locomotion! What in the world can have made them so rapid, so fierce, fidgetty, and full of bustle? Bless me! it upsets all my notions. I expected nothing in a hurry but a frightened kangaroo, or a bush-fire."

"But, Judy, you are judging a whole race by the very first specimen," said Mr. Fitzpatrick.

"So you are, Judy," said Charles. "Neither Weir nor Wallthorpe are at all like this Mr. Quarrier."

"Why, who are they? Who are Weir and Wallthorpe, Demby?" asked all the family at once.

"They are the overseers of Captain Ponceford," said Charles. "I met them down the creek, the other day, and two very nice young fellows they seemed."

"There, now!" said Mr. Fitzpatrick, "how these young fellows do find one another out! But who come here?"

A lady and gentleman rode at the same moment into the court. They were young, and in dress and bearing would not have been distinguished from any of the aristocratic class of England.

"Captain and Mrs. Ponceford!" said the servant.

The person announced entered. The captain was a tall, thin, gentlemanly-looking man, with a moustache, and wearing a riding-suit of gray merino. There was a quiet seriousness in his manner, accompanied by an expression which evinced good sense and a kindly disposition.—Mrs. Ponceford was also tall, and remarkably handsome, both in figure and face. All thought that in her riding dress they had never seen a more graceful woman; but it was the cordial, happy, frank expression of her face, that drew and wholly engrossed the attention of spectators.

So much did the couple win upon their hosts during the frank and piquant conversation which followed their entrance, that, when they at length took their leave, though it was getting towards evening, Mr. Fitzpatrick, and Charles and Georgina could not resist the pleasure of riding some distance with them.

The sun was sinking over the vast woods; and as they rode on, captain and Mrs. Ponceford pointed out the most striking ranges of mountains, and named them, including the Buffalo Mountains, the Plenty Ranges, Mount Alexandre, and Korong, afterwards so famous for their gold. The whole family of Tallengetta were delighted at the discovery of such neighbors, luckily, by far their nearest ones, and all fear of solitude fled away.

In a few days a couple of rather tall but very shy youths made their appearance at David Rannock's, and said they wanted him to go with them up to the grand house, as they called it, for their father and mother were coming to spend the night there, and they had sent them on before, to become acquainted with the young people of the family. They were Bell and Brady Metcalfe. It was in vain that Mr. Rannock told them that they needed no introduction from him; they would be made heartily welcome. They only blushed, shrugged their shoulders, said they knew the new comers were very fine folks, and showed no disposition to move. So David at length walked up with them.

The two blushing youths, looking very big and very awkward in their fresh costume of jack-boots, and short, coarse coatees, with metal buttons, bowed stiffly to all round, seated themselves on chairs, near the door, and smiled, and said yes and no, in reply to the words addressed them, but appeared very little at their ease, and did not get out of a very uncomfortable silence, only blushing and smiling whenever they were addressed afresh. Charles, who perceived their embarrassment, said he would like to show them about the garden, and once out of the room, they regained their nerves and faculties, and said their father and mother were coming, and asked Charles how he liked the bush; and very soon were in full and eloquent talk of great cod-fish in the Campaspe, and shooting of black swans and wild turkies, and kangaroo hunting. They wonderfully admired the two kangaroo hounds at the huts, and invited Charles to come and spend a fortnight with them.

Charles soon saw that they were two very good-natured fellows, and deep in all the mysteries of the bush, but totally unused to any society more distinguished than that of the squatters around them. They told him they were born in the bush, had had wonderful adventures in taking and fetching cattle from distant parts of the country, had only been to school a short time at Melbourne, for they hated the town, and soon came back. That they had had a tutor up there to read with them, but instead of teaching them anything, they had taught him all sorts of things belonging to bush life, and that he had become desperately in love with it, and was now gone to the Edward's River, as an overseer.

"Ah! you'll like it, Mr. Fitzpatrick," they said, "you'll soon like it better than anything else. You'll never want to go into those dry brick towns, to be cooped up like rabbits in a hutch."

"Ah," said Bell, "that's the life! to be up in the morning when the sun just reddens the tree-tops, as if they were all roses and gold; get your breakfast, catch your horse, and away through the woods, the dews glittering, the peppermint trees scenting all the air; the crows warbling, the jackasses laughing, the wattle-birds crying 'Tackamahac!' on the honey-maple trees, and the kangaroo-rats, bounding off right and left, as if their legs were of whalebone. Isn't that jolly! Away you go, through miles of woods, down deep valleys, up great hills, dashing through the deep rivers. My word, though, but I had a swim for it, across the Goulburn, the other day, where it is twenty fathom deep, and the stream was rushing round a headland like mad. But bonny Bess did it bravely. The blacks are coming here in a week or two from the Goulburn and the Campaspe, and all about. They'll play old Harry with the game, I can tell you, but it is best to be civil to them. You've noticed their ovens all about here, haven't you?"

"No, what are they?" asked Charles.

"Why, great mounds of wood-cinders, charcoal, in fact."

"Oh! yes, yes," said Charles, "I have often wondered what they were. They look like Druidical barrows at home."

"They are where the tribes used to congregate and make their common fires, and cook all their victuals while they stayed. They never stay long in one place, for they soon eat up all the fish and game. But here they used to be very numerous, and this part of the country is famous for game, and so you find hundreds of these old charcoal mounds, or ovens. It's very odd you don't find them anywhere else for hundreds of miles round, and the natives here now all cook at their separate family fires."

While talking thus they saw two gigs driving up the hill, and the speaker, pausing, said,

"There comes the Governor."

"What Governor?" asked Charles.

"Oh, our Governor, our worthy daddy," said Bell, "and mother, and I declare! there comes the doctor and Mrs. Woolstan."

The youths all hurried to receive the approaching guests, and the station of Tallengetta bade fair to lack no company for the night. We must, however, introduce our new acquaintances in a new chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WONDERFUL EVENING.

When our new guests were duly introduced, and had taken their places at the tea-table, which was just prepared for that agreeable season, they presented as remarkable a variety as you could easily meet with in a far more populous region. Mr. Metcalfe was a quiet-looking, thin Scotchman, with sharp, well-defined features, and hair of grizzled black and gray. He was a man who had had great reverses and troubles in his time, which had given him a still and subdued manner, but had neither been able to acidify his temper, nor to prevent him recovering his social position and a good property. You were surprised when you came to converse with him, to find what a superior taste and an amount of general knowledge he possessed, more than you would expect in the bush, and in a man who had had to struggle his way up against adverse circumstances. But he had a great knowledge of books, and managed to keep up an acquaintance with what was going on in Europe and in literature in a remarkable degree.

Mrs. Metcalfe was a large woman, of a full and fresh-looking person, and with a countenance of much gravity and dignity, displaying unquestionable evidences of beauty not yet past, and of strong sense never more present. She was what is called a very commanding and imposing lady, and yet never was there a woman less disposed to command or to impose in any sense. Nature did that for her, and for herself she was a truly kind-hearted woman of the strongest sympathies, but having a high sense of the proprieties and moralities of life. The world gave her credit for having furnished the sagacity and spirit which reconstructed their fortunes, but she never on any occasion gave the least warrant to this opinion, but invariably spoke of Mr. Metcalfe's plans and exertions and self-merited success. On all occasions she sought her husband's views, and deferred to them before company in the most natural manner, which did not, however, convince those very penetrating people, who can see all the way through a mill-stone, and who let it be understood that it was all very well, but did not deceive them; that it was quite right of Mrs. Metcalfe, and quite accordant with her depth of character, to maintain the honor of her husband. One thing, however, was certain, there was no happier or more estimable couple in the colony. They were famed for their hospitality—Mr. Metcalfe for being ready to aid the views of his neighbors in any possible way, and Mrs. Metcalfe for her tenderness in cases of illness or trouble, and for her intense love of her flower-garden.

Dr. and Mrs. Woolstan were a very different pair. The doctor was a leanish, tallish man, with an aquiline nose of considerable dimensions; a look of great simplicity and friendship, and a voice at once homely and rather dialectic. But there was that about him which very soon pronounced him to be no ordinary character. The first thing which struck you in his conversation, was a certain old-fashionedness. His words and tone carried you back to past days and country places, but this was very soon forgotten in the subjects which he was sure to bring into play. You were pleased with the delight with which he discoursed on the country; you were surprised at the feeling of poetry which flowed in his conversation; you were drawn by a primitiveness of faith and sentiment mingled with a degree of real science, which revealed themselves as he went on, and very soon you found him leading you forward to the discussion of social or intellectual questions which were bound up with the progress of society and the profoundest interests of spiritual life.

The doctor was a great mesmerist, and surprised the Tallengetta family by the most entire belief in the mesmeric phenomena, for they had always entertained the settled idea that all this was sheer humbug, and its advocates either dupes or charlatans. They were, therefore, astonished to see a medical man of mature years and great experience, so coolly confessing to his faith in it. But he told them that he was open to conviction, as it was only by such a disposition that science and philosophy had been enabled to triumph over ignorance and its shadow, prejudice, and to place us where we are.

But Mrs. Woolstan went further. Both she and the doctor were born and educated in the Society of Friends. She was a mild, gentle-looking woman, very like a Friend still, of a placid and fair countenance, and very quiet in her manner, and she avowed a belief in spiritual agencies with a calm frankness which amazed the Fitzpatricks.

"Why, surely," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, "you don't believe in being able to communicate with spirits, while we are in the body?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Woolstan, "our friends here doubt of spiritual communications, would you object to endeavor to satisfy them?"

"By no means," replied the doctor, as speaking of a matter of course; "but first I had better show them a few physical experiments, which may demonstrate that there are powers in nature too wonderful for belief, if they were not actually seen."

"Is this not going too far," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, very seriously—"is it not meddling with things better let alone?"

"The moment you think so, I will desist," said the doctor; "and what I shall show you, are mere elementary facts, the merest commonplaces now in European circles. Come here, Bell, my boy," he said, addressing Bell Metcalfe, "let us see whether you or Mr. Fitzpatrick are the stronger."

Bell looked sheepish, and hung back; he was unwilling, from mere shyness, to exhibit himself before these superior strangers; but the doctor advanced to him, and seizing him by the arm, drew him into the middle of the room—the servant having just taken away the tea.

"Now," said the doctor, "you, Mr. Fitzpatrick, should be immensely stronger than this youth. You are twice his size; you are strongly knit, and your whole frame is solidified by mature years. Bell is slender, not yet fully grown, and, therefore, rather loosely hung; yet I will venture to say that he shall overcome all your strength in the trial which I will institute."

"If he does," said Mr. Fitzpatrick, with an expression of self-confidence, "I will admit it to be most wonderful."

"Place your left hand, then, behind his shoulder, and take his hand in your right. Hold his arm at full length, thus; and now see whether, you resisting his efforts, he can, in his position, bend his arm forward."

"That will very soon be settled, I think," said Mr. Fitzpatrick, holding Bell as desired, and the young man making the most determined efforts possible, but being totally unable to bend his arm in the least.

"As I said, doctor," observed Mr. Fitzpatrick, "that is very soon settled, smiling in triumph, "your stripling has not overcome me, as you promised."

"You are quite satisfied of that?" remarked the doctor.

"Why, every one must be satisfied of it," added Mr. Fitzpatrick.

"Now, then," said the doctor, making some passes down the front of Bell's arm, which Mr. Fitzpatrick continued to hold off as in a vice, "try all your strength, sir, to keep his arm straight."

Mr. Fitzpatrick felt some power now in Bell's arm, which evidently astonished him. His face flushed; he put forth all his strength, but Bell bent his arm forward with the utmost apparent ease till his fingers touched his coat. Mr. Fitzpatrick stood astonished; and the astonishment was universal in the members of his family.

"That is the most surprising thing," said Mr. Fitzpatrick, "that I ever saw in the whole course of my life. That is wonderful; how can it be done?"

"Simply by that power," said the doctor, "of which we yet know only a little, but that one fact should prove to you that there is no deception in it."

"Deception!" cried Mr. Fitzpatrick, "how can there be deception? How can this boy overpower all my force under one circumstance and not under another?"

"Under precisely the same circumstances," added the doctor, "except in the addition of the mesmeric force in the second experiment. But, indeed, it is an experiment now regarded as almost threadbare, and you might try it between any parties that you pleased; between a giant and a dwarf; a giant and this slender maiden, your daughter."

The whole Tallengetta family were extremely excited by what they had, for the first time, seen. At supper the doctor sate by Aunt Judith, who said, from what she had seen, she felt greatly tempted to ask the doctor after supper to try whether he could communicate with the spirit of a deceased friend. The doctor promised, and on the return to the drawing-room, a circle was formed at a round-table in which Aunt Judith, Charles, and Georgina took part. Very soon there was "evidence of some spirit being present," and the doctor requested it to spell its name. All now seemed to await with a breathless awe the result of this experiment. It stood thus written on paper by Charles at the request of the doctor as the letters were indicated—HORACE FITZPATRICK!

"Horace! my brother Horace!" exclaimed Mr. Fitzpatrick. "What do you know of him? Who told you of him?"

"I know nothing," replied the doctor calmly. "I have never heard of him—I only know what he pleases to tell me. Shall I go on?"

The doctor went on, and soon there stood written out by Charles at the dictation of the spirit—"*The old enemy is still at work—his spies here followed you—be on your guard.*"

At this revelation Mr. Fitzpatrick's face exhibited intense feeling and wonder.

The doctor continued his inquiries, and Charles wrote on.

"Friends, true, staunch friends are on the watch; trust in God, and all will go well."

"And you believe all this?" said Mr. Fitzpatrick. "There is no juggle, no trick? My brother Horace, my only brother, died a mere youth, and yet you here at the antipodes know of him. Will you swear that you knew nothing of my brother's existence before?"

"I never swear," replied the doctor, "but I will tell you on the word of a Christian and in the presence of God, that I know nothing whatever of your family history."

"Nothing," said Mr. Fitzpatrick, "is so likely as that my indefatigable enemy, Sir Patrick, should desire to disturb my peace here, and even to destroy me and my claim together."

"But then," said the doctor, "if the message as to the evil is true, it is also equally true as to the good. But how natural it is," continued Doctor Woolstan, "to believe what we fear, rather than what we hope."

"But who are the spies?" continued Mr. Fitzpatrick, still harping upon the dark side of the message. "And who are the friends? the staunch, true friends? Have we any? Are there such things? Ah! that is most difficult to believe of all."

Aunt Judith continued to talk to the doctor on the subject. Her mind was wonderfully affected by this startling event, and the message and the circumstances attending it had so much of marvellous reality in them, that she knew not how to disbelieve them. The doctor related many singular facts in relation to spiritual life with a simplicity and distinctness which produced a singular sensation in Aunt Judith's mind. He said he was bred in the faith of George Fox, and like him he entirely believed that if we did but live near to the inner life we should have free enjoyment and experience of it. He told her that she must prepare to bear him and his wife called mystics and enthusiasts, but if she would come to Mount Corballa, she would find them as matter of fact in all matters of fact and daily life as any people in the colony. They were not dreamers, but workers, and she would find his wife as clever a woman, as sound and shrewd a manager as any she would meet with, and as cheerful as the light, because she felt herself existing in the great spiritual life of all space and time, so that death and change were to her mind but the mere throwing off of worn-out garments.

The result of the evening had been far different to anything expected, especially as the visit was one of introduction among people yet strangers to each other. At breakfast next morning, nothing was said of the evening's occurrence. Mr. Fitzpatrick endeavored to be cheerful, but was constantly falling into thoughtful silence, and when the guests departed he mounted his horse, and accompanied Doctor and Mrs. Woolstan some miles on their way through the woods. What passed in that interview we know not, but he returned far more cheerful, and never reverted to the subject, though his family felt assured, from his manner, that the thought of it was, nevertheless, continually with him.

CHAPTER V.

THE BAD YEAR.

After the remarkable evening narrated in the last chapter, there was a great exchange of visits with these new neighbors and the Ponceforts; and fresh characters appeared upon the scene. There were Mrs. Quarrier, with her mother-in-law and three or four daughters. Mrs. Quarrier was a remarkably fine woman, who, though she was born in the colonies, and had never quitted them, had all the quiet grace and tact of a lady accustomed to good society, and her kindness of heart justified all that had been said of her. The girls were splendid specimens of Australian beauty, but the character was Mrs. Quarrier, Sen. The old lady was to the Fitzpatricks a curious study. She was not less than seventy, yet she seemed to possess energies for half a century to come. Captain Ponceford called her the galvanic battery. She was a most original and independent woman. All her ideas of all sorts of government were of the freest kind. She hated what she called domination and humbug. She was for all the rights of the human race. Certainly the bush was the place for her, and she was so enthusiastic an admirer of nature, that she was ready any time still to climb a mountain with her long staff in her hand, or to wade a stream.

"Give me," she often said, "a Bible and a Shakspeare, and I can live in a desert, and all the better because I should not be bored with those good natured people who are always wanting to squeeze you into their own mould for your salvation."

And in truth, Mrs. Quarrier, Sen., had made good use of her energies. Through them her daughters were married to the chief men in the colony, and her son was one of the most affluent of its squatter lords. The best of it was that Mrs. Quarrier was as enthusiastic in conferring kindnesses as she was in asserting her independence; and all the colony acknowledged her wonderful faculty of seeing things a long way of.

"That is," she said, "because I look well at the things that are near," and she gave a striking proof on the spot.

"You are new here," said the lively old lady, as they were at breakfast the morning after her arrival at Tallengetta, "and you cannot, therefore, judge of what is coming by what is past. But let me tell you one thing. I believe we are going to have one of the terrifically dry seasons which occur every now and then. There are crises in this country of drought and floods, which can only be conceived by those who have witnessed them. Traces of the drought in such years vanish with the season, except in the evidence of the burnt trees, but those of the floods you must have already observed in the neighborhood of the rivers and creeks. After the drought generally come the floods, and now for the drought. The season, so far, reminds me of those pre-eminently dry and consuming summers, which are the direst calamities of this colony. It is now February, and the country is just one sheet of tinder. The rivers are low; the creeks are dry, or but a mere thing of water-holes; and many a plentiful pool is now a basin baked as hard as a dish. The sound of the frog has given way to the grasshopper. The grass is drier than hay; the leaves on the trees you may crumble to powder between your fingers, and there lacks but a hot wind and the whole country may be in flame."

Her hearers were greatly alarmed, and asked what they must do to avoid the threatened dangers.

"First," said the practical old lady, "clear a space all round your huts by burning the grass when the wind is still, or so gentle that you can command the flame, and beat it out at will with a few bushes. Then you have a place of retreat for yourself and the cattle—then your buildings and ricks are safe. Do the same at all your outstations, where your sheep camp at night, and let the camping places be quite away from trees. You are admirably off on this station, for you have moiras, those low lands on the level of the rivers which are overflowed in flood-times. They are now grassy and green on your run by the Goulburn. Let your cattle be herded down near these, and your flocks too as much as possible, that in case of fire they may flee thither, and find both safety and food. In every quarter of your run keep these things in view, that your shepherds and stock may not be taken by surprise, for when the wind comes it comes in a moment, and the fire travels with it more fleetly than the fleetest race horse."

Scarcely had the old lady left the place when all her words were verified. Mr. Fitzpatrick, as he bade the Quarriers good-bye, hastened down to the huts, and asked the overseer what he thought of Mrs. Quarrier's prediction.

"If she has said it," replied David Rannock, evidently much impressed by the intelligence, "it will be so. I would not lose a moment. In truth, the drought is ominous of the greatest peril."

"Then away!" exclaimed Mr. Fitzpatrick.

The overseer mounted his horse, and galloped off. Barks, Purdy, the cook were sent in like speed to different deep runs. Mr. Fitzpatrick and Charles galloped away in other directions; and the event showed that they had not a moment too much. Bush fires broke forth in all directions. They saw from their own windows those glorious prairies swept by a flame which went like intensest lightning across them, and changed their billowy gold into one black, smoking expanse. It was not without the most extraordinary exertions that their shepherds were able, from the more distant tracts of the run, to reach the spots of safety which Mrs. Quarrier had mentioned. The cattle on the hills, at sight of the flames below, appeared to take the way towards the Goulburn as if by instinct, and were, therefore, driven with greater ease towards the swamps and moiras on its banks by the stockmen and David Rannock.

Soon there came the most awful tidings of the unexampled devastations of the fires extending over a large portion of the colony; of grass, corn, cattle, sheep and people destroyed in fearful numbers. Never had so terrible a calamity fallen on the country since the white men knew it. Our friends at Tallengetta had been felicitating themselves on the abundance of their crops, and the splendid appearance of the fruit fast ripening in vineyard and orchard. It was a scene of affluence and beauty in peaches, grapes, figs, melons, and the like, such as previously they had no conception of. In one day the greater portion of this glorious promise was destroyed. The wind came like the breath of a furnace seven times heated, and the corn was found to be charred in the ear. The leaves of the fruit trees shrivelled up as in actual contact with fire, and the fruit was withered, shrunk, parboiled, as it were, on the trees, and vast quantities of it soon began to fall to the ground and perish.

It was a woful and melancholy spectacle. A heavy sense of calamity fell on the minds of every one. Peggy Wilks was particularly eloquent on the madness of coming to such a country as this. It would have saved them all the trouble, she said, if they had gone and jumped into the nearest red hot lime kiln at home, or into the furnace at Battersly Works. Every one went about silent, awe-struck and dejected.

But our friends had escaped far better than many of their neighbors—thanks to the foresight of Mrs. Quarrier. The Ponceforts had every quarter of their station, which lay altogether on the plains, ravaged by the fire; and were compelled to cut down the shiock and wattle trees wherever they could, to keep their flocks and cattle alive. It was beautiful to see how well they bore it. Captain Ponceford was out all day long hunting, and himself helping to cut down trees. His hands were blistered by wielding the axe; and though the heat was still intense, he rode here and there, and continued to wield the axe with all his vigor to supply the necessary support for his stock. Mrs. Ponceford shed tears for the sufferings of the poor dumb creatures dependent upon them, and for those of their fellow men which were continually coming to their ears, but she shed none for their own losses. She was on horseback many hours in each day searching the woods for suitable trees to fell, and during the rest was as busy seeing that the shepherds were supplied with the necessary rations under the extraordinary circumstances. Mr. Fitzpatrick gave them leave to fell a vast number of shiocks on his station, especially in the hills above, and thousands of beautiful trees were laid prostrate, which sight at any other time he would have witnessed with the profoundest regret.

The Woolstans at Corballis, though farther from the river, had escaped wonderfully. They lay high, and though the wind had driven the flames up to the tops of the loftiest hills in many parts of the country, it had not been able to reach them. They declared that they had had a strong impression upon them that some great calamity was at hand. The drought suggested very naturally fire and dearth. They had, therefore, burnt the places at the foot of the hills where the fire could find access to them, and had just completed their arrangements when the conflagration came. Their stock was somewhat pinched for pasture, but not in any alarming degree; and they were able to think and act for their neighbors.

Dr. Woolstan rode over to Tallengetta, and finding all safe there, returned and took the way to the Metcalfes at Moolap on the Campaspe. Nothing had been heard of them, but being on the banks of a never-failing stream, less anxiety was felt on their account. The worthy doctor rode along through forests that had been swept by the flames, and were black, desolate and appalling. He rode on again over low grounds which had escaped, and through some pleasant ranges where, though the intense drought had scorched the grass into the crispest hay, the fires had not reached. His mind was greatly relieved, and he was even singing aloud a favorite thanksgiving hymn, when, as he said, on passing over a certain ridge, a heavy cloud fell upon his spirits. A heavy, black cloud settled also on his brain, and a confused sense of evil bewildered and confounded him. It was as if tons of distress, as he expressed it, had fallen on him. He sat on his horse, which of its own will stood still, like a statue, like a stone. For a time all thought was annihilated in him. His soul was paralyzed, yet there lay in it a deep, dark sense of a strange and immense woe. He felt as if he were really in the land of the shadow of death. When his mind began to recover from this vague sense of evil, this stupor of affliction, he felt himself relieved in some degree by a deep sigh, and he looked round for any object or image which might have thus affrighted his spirit. There was nothing of that kind. The afternoon sun lay with a beautiful golden calm, on the slope of the hills around him; the grass was sere but bent in the light breeze with a soothing whisper. The very trees which time had prostrated around him, lay in a certain beauty of their own, a picturesque and deep tranquillity. He saw a small herd of kangaroos on the slope, which stood up and listened, but did not take to flight—and the blue mountain parrots in the tree-tops, glanced their gorgeous plumage in the sun, and uttered their peculiarly soft and melodious notes. It was a picture of nature's sweetest beauty and repose. He looked onward, and all wore the same tranquil smile. He could see the broad valley of the Campaspe unreached by fire; and in the distance the rising smoke of the station of Moolap. But the cloud within would not disperse. There was a cry on his brain of woe! woe! woe! He sat on his horse in a feeling of impatience to reach the station, and learn what could justify this spectral shadow on his spirit. The nearer he drew to the station more darkly and densely that shadow fell. When he was just upon the station, he cast a rapid glance over it. All was profoundly calm; but ha! why only one smoke from all those chimneys? At this house where flocks return to the camping ground, and the shepherds to their huts, where all is usually full of life; where the smoke streams up actively from different huts; where the bleat of sheep, and occasional low of cattle, the bark of dogs, and the passing of people from one hut to another shows that all are at home, why this stillness? why this solitary smoke?

The doctor rode up full of wonder and suspense. No dog announced his approach; no single person peered from the door of a hut. The tramp of his horse sounded hollow in the silence, as he cantered up to the door of the chief hut. He cried hillo! and cracked his whip. In the next moment an old man, very old and wrinkled, and gray, half bent double, appeared at the door, and at the sight of the doctor, he turned round, and retreated into the hut as if he had seen something terrible. Again, in a moment, he reappeared, his head shaking as with palsy, and every limb trembling violently. Large tears rolled down his withered face, and the doctor demanded what was amiss. He again shook his head from side to side, as in an agony, appeared struggling to speak, but in vain, and dashing his sleeve across his eyes, he again suddenly retreated into the hut.

The doctor dismounted, and found the old man, a faithful servant of many years, weeping violently in a chair into which he had sunk. The doctor placed his hand kindly on the old man's shoulder, and said a few kind words to console him; but these only seemed to increase his passion of grief, and it was some time before he could find composure enough to tell his story. He was the only person at the station. Every one besides, including Mrs. Metcalfe, were gone off in search of Bell, who had been tending a flock on the bank of the river, a long way off. Three days had now passed since the flock had been found wandering without him.

"When was that? Where was the flock found, Barrillai?" asked the doctor.

"Near the Wild-dog hollow, on the Yan-Yan creek, doctor."

"It is well," said the doctor, "let me have some tea, and give my horse a good feed of corn. I must go there to-night."

"The Lord bless you for it, doctor," said the old man—tears again streaming down his withered face. "If God will that he shall be found, there is no man that is so likely as you, doctor; and you love poor Bell, I know, almost as much as foolish old Barzillai. Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! that I should live to see this. Me, such an old, tottering, useless thing—and poor Bell, such a fine, strong, young fellow who can leap like a kangaroo. Could,—I mean,—could,—could,—pray the Lord he may now!" and the man bustled off to get tea ready.

Doctor Woolstan sat sunk in deep thought while tea was preparing; once or twice he rose and strode across the hut, and then sat down again. Old Barzillai brought in tea and a smoking chop. The doctor eat and drank without uttering a word.

"My horse," he said, at length, rising and going to the door.

"He's there," said Barzillai; and as the doctor mounted, he drew close to him, and said, "Do you *think* you shall find him, doctor? If you could just say so—I know it would prove true."

The doctor squeezed the old man's hand, as he put his horse in motion, and said,

"That is as it may please God; but my good old friend, I feel a hope."

"God bless you for that," said the old man, gazing after the doctor, who disappeared at a rapid canter into the dusky forest. On he went, over hill and down dale, through the depth of most solitary forests; leaping fallen trees, pushing on through scrub and jungle, as if the way were tracked, and the light were on the earth. About midnight he saw a fire blazing before him in the valley, and on reaching it saw a party seated, partly on the trunk of a fallen tree, and partly lying on the ground round it. The dogs barked at his approach, and the silent people looking up showed him Mr. and Mrs. Metcalfe, Brady, and a couple of shepherds.

There was no need to ask if they had been successful; their wearied and dejected looks showed plainly that they were in the depth of trouble. They arose as the doctor alighted, and one after another grasped his hand without uttering a word. The doctor sat down, and all resumed their seats in silence. Thus they sat for at least a quarter of an hour, when the doctor said,

"My dear friends, we must not despair. The moon will rise in two hours; I will then set out."

The father and mother shook their heads, as expressive of its uselessness.

"I shall set out then," repeated the doctor, "till then let me lie down, and let no one come near to speak to me."

He wrapped himself in a rug, which lay at hand; withdrew to a tree near, and flung himself down on his face.

Still and motionless he lay through those two long hours. The fire flared and snapped; the tuons, or flying opossums, came forth and shrieked on the tall, red gum tree—and through all, the woful parents sat and gazed into the fire. They refused to lie down, though worn out with fatigue and trouble. They were still heavily drowsy; frequently nodded, started, looked round and asked, "Is it morning yet?"

At the end of the two hours the moon was seen above the horizon, and the doctor was observed to be on foot, and fetching up his horse—he came leading it towards the fire, where Brady was busy putting on the kettle, and getting out some breakfast.

"I hope you have slept, doctor," said Mrs. Metcalfe, her noble countenance exhibiting the strong expression of her natural fortitude struggling with deep affliction.

"No," said the doctor, "I have not slept. I have striven to get down below all the distorting agitations of the natural mind, into the regions of pure freedom, where the spirit communes with its Maker and is still. It is hard wrestling with one's own flesh and blood—but I have been favored to find peace in it. My way lies over yon hill," pointing eastward.

Mrs. Metcalfe solemnly shook her head, saying—

"Alas! we have sought all over that quarter, for these two days. I fear me it is useless. The whole of those hills and valleys have rung with the loud cries of our men."

"Nevertheless, that is my way—and I believe I have no time to lose;" replied the simple-hearted man. He took some of the damper from a log on which it was laid, and put it in his pocket; drank off a panikin of tea, took the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Metcalfe affectionately, saying—"Don't be cast down; I have faith that all will be well."

Tears gushed into the eyes of his sorrowing friends, as he said this; he saw that they were making a fearful effort to restrain their emotion, and turning, he mounted his horse. At the same moment he saw Brady also mounted, and ready to accompany him.

"That is kind, my dear Brady," said the doctor, "you can greatly comfort and assist me."

"Keep my dog secure in his chain," said Brady, turning to his father, "and should you wish to follow us, he will bring you direct to me."

The two friends rode away. The doctor rode on without speaking. The moon was bright and almost perpendicular over head. The forest was nearly light as day, and the stems of the trees white as marble in their new bark, had a ghostly radiance in its beams. The doctor rode on. He asked no questions of Brady as to where they had already searched, but followed solely the promptings of his own mind. Morning broke, day grew, and the sun began to pour down upon them his burning rays. Still the doctor rode on, and looked neither to right nor left. Brady occasionally made a divergence, cantering off to explore a thicket, or take a survey from the brow of a hill; but the doctor without seeking to check or encourage these little detours, still went on his way.

It was near noon when, as they were traversing the side of a considerable hill, Brady observed a sort of still but excited attention in the doctor's face. It was set with a direct onward look. His eyes seemed fixed on some particular spot, and the expression of his countenance was rapt, solemn and expressive. Brady thought that the old prophets must have worn such a sacred and ennobled look. He felt a strange reverence for the man with whom he had so often joked and played in the most boyish freedom. Anon, they beheld a hollow in the hill side, filled with a dense mass of bushes and dark wattles. In some tall trees above this jungle sat a number of the Australian carrion crows; and raised loudly their strange bleating and piteous cries.

"That means something, Brady."

They were the first words the doctor had spoken since they set out.

"Then I fear it means no good," said Brady; "for where they haunt, there generally haunts death!"

"Let us see," said the doctor.

They were on the edge of the jungle, the hollow in which it grew being evidently the consequence of a landslide at some former period.—The doctor dismounted, and tied his horse; Brady still kept his saddle, and said:

"This is a whip-stick scrub, doctor; you cannot penetrate it without the axe, and besides, we have searched it all round."

"We must search it again, Brady; give me the axe," said the doctor.

But Brady sprung at once from his horse, drew his small axe from his belt, and said:

"Where shall I clear a way, doctor?"

The doctor pointed out the direction, and Brady went vigorously to work. The scrub consisted of dwarf gum-trees of about fifteen feet high, growing up closely, side by side, like so many wands, and of sufficient size to make the long handles of bullock-whips, whence the name. These rods were woven together with lianes, or vines, as they are called, long, tough, rope-like plants, till the whole was one impenetrable mass, except to fire or the axe. Brady's steel soon cleared a way into the centre of the jungle, throwing down the rods and treading on them as he went on. At once he came to a little stream trickling down the hill-side.

"Follow me," said the doctor, taking his way up the stream, stooping under the boughs of the jungle, which now consisted of wattles and fern-trees.

"Beware, doctor!" said Brady, as he saw themselves coming into an open space, wildly grown with tall clumps of the razor-edged sedge, wild grass, and watery shrubs. "This is the very place for the black snake."

The doctor went on, rising as he got out of the dense mass of the scrub, and directed his way through the boggy soil still up the stream. At once Brady, uttering a wild cry, dashed past him, and the next moment was seen on his knees beside what appeared a corpse. He was wringing his hands in distress, and was convulsed with a violent spasm of tears, when the doctor's calm face was bent down to the body—that of poor Bell.

"He is dead, doctor! he is dead!" exclaimed Brady, "and oh, my God! we might have saved him! Three or four times have we passed this jungle, and looked into its dense bushes, and yet missed him!" and while he spoke he was dropping showers of tears, and driving away frantically the flies with his handkerchief.

Poor Bell lay on his back close to the opening which gushed out of the hill-side. His eyes were closed; his face pale as marble; his hat rolled into the water, and his black hair thrown about his thin and ashy features.

The doctor stooped, put his hand upon his mouth, and then laid it for a considerable space upon the region of the heart.

"He is *not* dead!" said the doctor. "There has been fever, and probably delirium, here, but these are over; the ebbing force of life needs rallying."

He took his panikin from his belt, dipped it in the stream, and then showed that he had come prepared by drawing a small wicker-covered flask of brandy from his pocket. He poured some into the water, and applied some of it to the parched lips of poor Bell. After one or two repetitions of the restorative, the poor lad moved his lips and sought to reach the fluid with his tongue.

"He lives! he lives!" cried Brady, starting up, and suddenly flinging himself down again by his brother, exclaiming—"Bell! Bell! my dear Bell!"

"Gently, Brady—command yourself," said the doctor; "we must be very cautious," and he gently poured a little of the liquid into the sufferer's mouth.

He leaned anxiously over his face; watched the effect of the stimulant with a fixed intensity; once more laid gently his hand on the heart, and felt for the pulsation in the wrist. He then gave him a little more, and when Brady attempted to speak, put out his hand towards him warningly. In a little time Bell gave an audible sigh; a slight tinge of color came into his cheek, and there was tremulous motion in his fingers. The doctor saw all this with the liveliest attention, and continued to repeat the stimulant at intervals. At length Bell raised his right hand, and laid it on own breast. There was a tremor in his eyelids, and his eyes for a moment opened and closed again.

"He is going!" exclaimed Brady; "we are too late—too late!"

"My dear Brady, be patient," said the doctor; "give us time; and now go out of the jungle, make a fire, and get some tea."

"Will he live, though?" said Brady, as he started up to go.

"We will hope it," said the doctor; "for what else were we sent?"

And at those words Brady darted away. He had scarcely scrambled together some dry leaves and branches, and set fire to them, and was returning for water, when he saw the doctor coming, carrying Bell in his arms. He laid him down on his rug near the fire, and bade Brady make all haste with the tea. Brady pushed the quart pot into the fire, opened his little bags of sugar and tea, but with trembling hands, and at every moment casting a glance from them to Bell, who lay with his eyes now open, but dreamily, and directed to no particular object. The doctor seized the tea and sugar, and threw them into the boiling water. Very soon the panikin of tea was ready, and the doctor cooling it by pouring it repeatedly from the quart pot to the panikin and back, knelt down to give some of it to the half conscious patient. But Bell now received the nourishment almost greedily, and presently he attempted to speak, and they thought that he said, but so faintly as to be almost inaudible, "Where am I?"

"Hush! hush! my dear Bell!" said the doctor; "don't be anxious; you are amongst your friends; all is right;" and they saw with wonder and delight that he became every minute more conscious and strong. In a few hours he was so well that he was able to say that he had been very ill, and had lost all sense of life. The doctor nursed him; gave him from time to time yet a little nourishment, and he at length fell asleep. During this time Brady's dog came rushing up to them, and would have barked for joy, but Brady seized him by the muzzle, and carried him to a distance, where he made him, obedient to his discipline, lie down and remain by his saddle.—The dog was the herald of the approach of the party, and Doctor Woolstan hastened to meet them, to give the parents the joyful intelligence of the life of their son, and to enjoin the utmost caution upon them.

But no power could restrain them from hurrying forward to where the young man lay. There the rejoiced and yet trembling parents fell upon their knees by the side of their recovered son, and with silent tears poured out their prayerful thanks to God.

By that evening Bell was sufficiently restored by the judicious nursing of the doctor and his mother, to tell them that he had been seized by a strange dizziness and fever, after several days' hard working and toiling after the flock in the intense heat. That he had got down to this opening, telling his dog to mind the flock, and this command the poor fellow had so faithfully obeyed, that he was found almost dead with hunger, yet still crawling after his charge. By this, however, he lost all trail of his master, and had proved of no use in attempting to find him. Bell said that, in reaching the water, he had drunk copiously, and immediately afterwards the world seemed to go round with him; the earth appeared to heave and sink under him, and soon he lost all sense but that of a strange, urging, inextricable confusion in his brain. When this left him, he had found himself too feeble to raise even his hand; and he saw several huge black snakes come and play and splash in the water near him. When they glided rapidly away, it was only at the approach of several wild dogs, which snuffed, started, and ran back at sight of him; and on their retreat, the snakes returned again and renewed their gambols, while the carrion crows overhead looked down with their black, glistening, fiend like eyes, and uttered their lamentable, but to him, horrible notes. He had lain in the terrible conviction that he should soon perish of exhaustion, till happily at length, sense and feeling passed away.

We could not express, if we would, attempt it, the rejoicing over the beloved son who had been lost and was found again. Brady galloped off to the station for a light spring cart with a bed in it, and one of the men mounted the doctor's horse to convey the happy intelligence to Mount Corballis. It was two days before the party could reach Moolap with their patient. Frequently they had to take him from the cart and carry him on a litter of branches, over stony ranges and abrupt gullies. At length, however, they reached home; at length poor old Barzillai had the delight, a weeping and trembling one, of seeing his dear lad, as he called him, safe and rapidly convalescent.

The doctor took his leave amid the blessings of the grateful and once more happy family, and with a wonderfully augmented sense of veneration for his deep but unaffected piety, and the almost prophetic character of his mind.

"We owe you a life, dear Doctor Woolstan," said Metcalfe, and, as he shook his hand at parting, his eyes swimming with tears of grateful joy.

"We all owe one, my dear friend," replied the doctor, "to Him to whom we owe everything. To find our poor Bell it required little sagacity in me. It only required obedience. If you had read the early history of the Friends, you would find such incidents as these by no means wonderful. They lived near to the Divine Spirit, and His spiritual world. To their simple and earnest visions, the cloudy partitions of the flesh became transparent, and they saw by the light of a sphere to which they were favored to be admitted, things amid them as clearly as they saw the infinitely distant stars burning over their heads. We can all go and do likewise if we will, but we must be simple, pure, teachable, and yet strong in the will to follow steadfastly the principle of Divine Rectitude over rough and smooth, over stock and stone, through flattery and sneering, to death or life, wherever it may lead us."

And with an affectionate grasp and a quiet smile, the good man took his leave.

The bad year rolled on its way. From all quarters came melancholy details of dearth, loss of cattle, and suffering of families; but amongst these tidings were mingled strange reports of the discoveries of gold; of people running as if struck with insanity, up the country; of deserted towns, highways crowded with wildly-hastening throngs, drays, stores, tents and tools; and of the marvellous riches snatched up from the scarcely covering earth. On the heels of a terrible crisis came thus one more wondrous than any fable; and the whole colony was in a chaos of excitement, joy, fear, doubt and extravagant rumor, before which all description is annihilated.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that arrangements have been made with the following distinguished writers for contributions during the present year (1857):—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND.) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON. The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT." The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

After the completion of Mr. Howitt's Novelet,

Tallengetta; or, the Squatter's Home,

the following Novelets will be given, though probably not in the exact order here mentioned:—

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY GIRL.

By ALICE CARY. An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post.

THE WITHERED HEART.

An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post, by T. S. ARTHUR.

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE QUAKER'S PROTEGE,

An Original Novelet, written for the Post by Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE. Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

We have also the promise of a SHORT AND CONDENSED

NOVELET BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

to run through about six or eight numbers of the Post.

In addition to the above list of contributions, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of our editorial column.

THE NEW YEAR.

Our thanks are due to a number of kind friends for their efforts in extending our subscription list. Among the Post-Offices already heard from, we may particularly notice an *increase, over and above our old list*, of 16 at Goshen, INDIANA—of 14 at Mt. Auburn, 20 at Greenville, 20 Hampton, 17 at Millersburg, and 12 at Mt. Pulaski, ILLINOIS—of 17 at Roxbury, 15 at Massillon, 17 at West Windsor, 23 at Waterford, and 12 at Auburn, OHIO—of 20 at Sodus, 17 at Skaneatles, and 18 at New York Mills, NEW YORK—of 10 at Houlton, MAINE—of 13 at Ansonia, CONNECTICUT—of 11 at Keene, NEW HAMPSHIRE—and of 14 at Attica, 11 at Rose Hill, and 12 at Marengo, Iowa.

Our thanks also are due for *entirely* new lists to friends at the following Post-Offices:—21 Rising Sun, and 22 at Portland Mills, INDIANA—24 at Union Grove, 22 at Bushnell, 23 at Naperville, 21 at Scottville, 21 at Lenzburg, 21 at Oregon, 21 at Towanda, and 21 at Auburn, ILLINOIS—22 at St. Paris, 26 at Putnam, 21 at Augusta, 20 at Bladensburg, 23 at Belle Air, 16 at Bellevernon, 28 at Woodfield, 20 at Chillicothe, 21 at Knoxville, and 21 at Moultrie, OHIO—20 at West Barre, 21 at Patterson's Mills, and 14 at Delaware Grove, PENNSYLVANIA—17 at Keck' Centre, and 21 at Savona, NEW YORK—22 at Huntsville, CONNECTICUT—27 at South Troy VERMONT—9 at Ringgold, and 10 at Uniopville GEORGIA—9 at Fountain Springs, VIRGINIA—1 at Proctor, 26 at Southfield, 41 at Marquette, 2 at Three Oaks, and 24 at Medina, MICHIGAN—22 at Cadiz, and 9 at Blue Lick Springs, KENTUCKY—10 at Ridgeley, and 9 at Bloomfield, MISSOURI—30 at Upton, 21 at Maquoketa, 31 at Indianola, 21 at Peoria, and 31 at Atalissa, IOWA—and 24 at Cascade, WISCONSIN. We omit the names of a large number of smaller clubs at various new places—though we hold to the old maxim, "the smallest favors thankfully received, and larger ones in proportion."

And we trust we may be pardoned for adding to the above, a few extracts from our letters.—Thus Mr. S. C. C., of Cloverdale, Ind., says: "I have taken the Post for a number of years, and can truly say that it is the best family newspaper that ever was thrown in my way. I shall continue my subscription as long as the paper exists. We are all well pleased with it."

Mr. A. W., at Conneaut, Ohio, who sends on a club of 22, writes:—

The Post having been a welcome guest in my family for the last ten years, we do not feel disposed to part company with our best friend yet; therefore in accordance with an article in No. dated December 18, headed "How our Friends Can Assist Us," I put my overcoat and mittens on, with your last issue in hand, fully resolved to follow your directions, to get as many new subscribers as possible, and also to urge old ones to renew their subscriptions. But I found that old ones needed no urging, and the result of my efforts has been the pleasure of introducing an old and valued friend into many new families, where I trust it will be duly appreciated. There are many more who have promised to subscribe as soon as they can procure the money, and I shall be happy to forward the names and money of all that I can yet induce to take the Post.

Mr. T. C. B., of Canandaigua, N. Y., sends on a list of 25 names and a very friendly letter, in the course of which he writes, speaking of getting up this club—"Were it not for the high reputation of the Post, I should have striven in vain."

Mr. W. A. Norwood, of Keene, Cheshire County, N. H., sends us a list of thirty subscribers—and says that he makes a practice of commending the Post to those who visit his store. We are truly obliged to Mr. N.—as well as to the others whom we have, and some whom we have not, mentioned. So much for this week's progress. More, we hope, anon.

☞ The *London Times*, in publishing the denial of Mr. Arrowsmith's Revolver story, by the President of the Georgia Central Railroad, admits inferentially that the whole story must be a fabrication. Mr. Cuyler, President of the Road, says:—

"I beg permission to assure you and your numerous readers that the whole account, from beginning to end, is a sheer fabrication. It was in the city of Savannah on the 28th of August, and know that there is not a word of truth in the statement.

"I have been connected with the Company since the day of its organization, in the year 1835, and have been its President since the beginning of the year 1842. There has never been a disturbance of any kind, at any time, on the Company's railroad. Ladies constantly travel over it under the protection of the conductors, and I never knew or heard of the least affront being offered to any one. Not a single instance of complaint by a passenger, male or female, of any incivility by *employees* or others has ever been made to me during my long service. I feel great pride and pleasure in being able to say truthfully, what I have said, and ask your permission to add, that only one passenger has been killed by accident on the road, one hundred ninety-two miles in length, since the Company commenced operations.

"The good order which prevails on the of this Company, marks all the other railroads in Georgia, and throughout our country generally."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

Four Copies,		$5.00 a year.
Eight "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	10.00 "
Thirteen	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	15.00 "
Twenty	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	20.00 "

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the rest of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. G. We know nothing of the individual referred to.

W. R. We cannot spare the time to comply with your request.

THE RIDDLE DEPARTMENT.—Senders of enigmas, charades, &c., must not get out of heart if their productions do not at once appear. Our store of these things is generally quite large—and even the best ones are often long delayed.

EDITORIAL.—On account of the space occupied by Mr. Howitt's story, the most of our editorial matter this week, is driven over on to the *third* page.

LARGE ESTATES IN ENGLAND.—We cannot undertake to comply with requests relative to large English estates which are going begging for owners. If any notices relative to such estates, or to anything else, have appeared in our paper, we cannot be at the trouble of hunting them out. Interested persons can procure a file of the Post, by taking a little trouble, and then do their own searching. Our own time, and that of every person about the office, is so occupied with each day's business as it comes, that we cannot possibly spare a moment to make such investigations. Will all inquiring friends please bear these remarks in mind?

☞ The whole number of deaths in this city during 1856, was 10,229—about 500 less than in 1855, notwithstanding the increased population. The scarlet fever has been raging in this city, as well as in Boston and New York, for several months past. The number of deaths from this dreadful disease alone, last year, was 946.

OUR CELESTIAL BRETHREN.

A few items of interest come to us from China and Japan. The poor Celestials have been in the hands of the earthquake and hurricane, and have suffered much. On the 12th of August, a tremendous typhoon streamed from the south upon a fleet of twenty-two junks, sluggishly creeping through the Yellow Sea, and foundered seventeen of them, destroying about a thousand men. The remainder were taken from their rolling wrecks, and saved from drowning or starving by the U. S. steamer San Jacinto.

On the 17th of August, the town of Yoo-Tching, on the north-western frontier of China, was shaken down by an earthquake, and several hundred people destroyed, among whom were the Emperor's youngest son, the mandarin of the province, and several of the State officers. The town was a favorite summer residence of the Chinese nobility, and the house in whose falling ruins the unhappy officials were crushed, was a sumptuous palace of porcelain and marble, built for the Celestial Diveses about four years ago, in the most aristocratic quarter of the town.

The United States steam frigate San Jacinto arrived in the waters of Japan about August 21, having on board Mr. Harris, Consul General of the United States for the two ports of Simoda and Hakodadi, opened by the recent treaty to the American trade. After a good deal of talk the Japanese authorities finally permitted Mr. Harris to land, and located him at Kakizaki, a small fishing village about a mile from Simoda, having fitted up an old Buddhist temple for his abode. No doubt the Consul's place is by agreement at Simoda, and no doubt the Japanese officials will endeavor to keep him out of that place as long as possible. They disclaim, however, any wish to put him in an inefficient position, declaring that the Kakizaki arrangement is only temporary. Of course this statement is not to be relied on; they are, unquestionably, seeking to evade the binding force of the contract they have made with our Government, and unquestionably, they are not sinners above all men in seeking to evade a contract to which they are unwilling partners. If they felt that it was really for their interest to trade with us, they would hardly hesitate; but they fear the specious seduction, and shrewdly suspect that under the profered flowers of commercial advantage, lurks the snake of a gain which is only American. The Japanese have no aversion to trade—they like to make money as well as other people; but they are averse, as other people are, to paying too dear for a cheap whistle—they dread the commercial relation which they think is only the first step in a scheme gradually to deprive them of their territory. If they were strong in the armaments of war, and were able to wade successfully through a bog of blood to gain their rights, they would no more hesitate to trade with us on equal terms than they do with their neighbors, for they would then be confident in their ability to keep the trade fair, and prevent it from becoming the Trojan horse of annexation. As it is, they are weak, and unable to cope with us; therefore when we mildly and sweetly propose that they shall open their ports to our vessels, making a group of armed officers the envoys of our mildness and sweetness, and emphasizing our gentle proposition with the ominous spectacle of several war-frigates in the back-ground, the unwilling Japanese feel themselves obliged to assent, and can only mentally resolve to construe away a bargain which they fear is to result in future evil to them if they keep it, and which they would prefer under the circumstances, not to make at all. Already, as one of our correspondents predicted some months since, the recent treaty with them is made practically null and void, and Commodore Perry has his labor for his pains. The latest news is of the evasion of the compact—the Japanese authorities having determined to receive our dollar for only thirty-three cents, knowing that the American Government can never consent to this valuation, and hoping that it may prove an effectual block to our efforts at opening with them a commercial intercourse which they regard as insidious, and only preliminary to their conquest and subjugation. Now we shall have, perhaps, another Japan expedition, more diplomatizing, and a new and more unequivocally-worded treaty. But words are chameleons—they may be made to mean different things to different parties; and Michael Scot, in the old legend, trying to make ropes of the twisted sea-sand with which to bind the wizard, had no more difficult a task to accomplish than the future diplomatist who shall endeavor to fashion phrases to hold the Japanese to the performance of their extorted promises. We may expect nothing from them but dexterous shuffling and quibbling and evasion, until we make it for their real, lasting interest to enter into relations with us.

If we only had an International Supreme Court with a jury from all nations, we should have no difficulties of this kind. No weak people with its rights admitted, and secured by international statute, would then shrink from intercourse with a stronger. The nations, banded as a commercial commonwealth, established on the commercial basis, protected each from each, and each from all, by one broad code of law, impenetrated with justice, would mingle freely and without fear, each seeking its pecuniary interest in the competitive struggles of commerce. The Japanese would not then endeavor to avoid us. If they made their treaty with us inoperative by construction, we could then call them to account before that great Bench of Nations, for breach of contract, and mulct them in heavy damages. Wouldn't that be better than sending a fleet to batter down their towns, and horribly slaughter the wretched peasants who have no share in the plots and plans of State, except to endure their consequences? We hope, however, that there is enough of active humanity and commonsense in the people of this country to prevent the politicians from adjusting our difficulties with the Japanese in any other than an amicable manner. Above all we hope that the principles which govern every honest and honorable man in his business or other relations with his fellows, may become the principles which shall regulate the conduct of the nations to each other. Then we shall have a happy world of it, and not till then.

☞ There are certain monthly periodicals, published in the city of New York, which insert a number of fly leaves containing advertisements, in every number. There are some persons who consider that an advertisement placed in the midst of said fly leaves is worth very little—and therefore make an express stipulation that their advertisements shall be inserted either on the first or last page of said leaves. But, sometimes, when said stipulations are positively made, they either are entirely disregarded—on the unbusiness-like plea of being forgotten—or the fly leaves are bound up differently in various portions of the edition. We merely call the attention of advertisers to these facts, in order that it may lead to an examination of said periodicals, so that it may be seen which are, and which are not, in the habit of indulging in such practices.

SOCIAL CONVERSATION.

"*De nihilo nihil*," says Lucretius; and since he said it in Latin, he has had credit for great wisdom in saying it. He could not have put it into English, though, for doing which, we shall deserve as much credit, whether we get it or not.

"From nothing, nothing comes." Here we see the reason of so much empty talk in the world. Empty heads, empty conversation, of course. It is of *social* conversation that we speak; not of business. *That* is full enough of matter, such as it is. Where men alone are together, Mr. De Quincey says, it is ten to one that they are talking about money—a very solid thing. We have often and often caven-dropped enough to determine this fact in railroad cars, in the street, in corners of drawing-rooms, and it is surprising how frequently the rule holds good. This is natural: "Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also." But it seems a pity that the social conversation of the community should average no higher in value or interest. Go and call on Mrs. Chatterbox, for instance, in the afternoon; or spend "a sociable evening" with her. She is a perfect hopper of small talk; of the very smallest kind of talk—scandal. Have you heard that *awful* story about Jane Ann Jenks? Has anybody found out why Mrs. Slopton parted from her husband? They say Mr. Spendless is getting *dreadfully* involved. That disreputable person, young Golt, is visiting and gadding about altogether too much with Mrs. Lightly, the "grass widow." Guess if her husband should come back from California he wouldn't like it much. And so, with an important face, and looks full of the weight of her information, she will turn out half the reputations of the neighborhood, as riddled and ragged with her small-shot, as the garments of scare-crows.

Call on Mrs. Homebody. Oh, dear, the trials of servants! She sent Bridget to the closet yesterday for a spider to fry some potatoes in, and she said she couldn't find any spider, and wanted to know if that cockroach wouldn't do? And "second girls" are getting to want a dollar and a half a week. And how dreadfully dear eggs and sugar are getting! She will bone and groan by the hour over her sixpenny sorrows, until you almost imagine that life is made of tough steak and stale eggs and avaricious "help," and extra charges of half-a-cent a pound, and rags and grease, and smoke and gas, and all manner of horrid things—as the little girls' nursery song says that little boys are made of

"Slugs and snails and puppy-dog's tails."

Mrs. Lixipro sickens you with fearful details of her innumerable ailments, of what the doctor said, of what a horde of old women said. She consults about changing her physician, about the homœopathic practice, about chrono-thermalism and motorpathy and other things with desperate crack jaw names that seem as inappropriate in a lady's mouth as so many hornbugs. From her you depart, convinced that life is a pill-ory, and man—or certainly woman—best to be defined as "a drug-devouring animal."

Go and see Mrs. Flutterbudget, the "lady a good deal in society." What lovely fashions the silks are this winter! Did you see Araminta Beagle's new hat? And what an enormous skirt! What a pleasant evening at Mrs. Shakemup's! But by-the-way it's quite certain that at Sybilla Shakemup's wedding, the gifts were all hired, for Mr. Flutterbudget heard so from Mr. Tinplate the jeweler. How cheap! Plate's just as good as silver, you know, according to that plan! They say there's a new dance that's twice as delightful as the German. They tried it last night at our house, and you can't imagine! "Is there any kissing in it, Mrs. Flutterbudget?" Pshaw, how you talk! There might be, though. They do say that George Goldpocket kissed Mary Moddle, right in the middle of the new dance. And so on and so on, she pours out such froth like a lively bottle of Scotch ale. Life, to her, is all dress and evenings; an unbroken deluge of "fuss and feathers."

Mrs. Eleidee is a "very superior" person. She is a lady of great literary acquirements; a critic, and, it is secretly whispered in everybody's ear, an authoress. You will hear a discourse of a very different kind if you call on her. Have you read the last new novel, "Spasms, or the Victorious Virgin?" Isn't it grand? She has been reading Emerson's English Traits. How Orphic it is! Don't you think his unconventional free thought is very noble? How rare is a truly independent mind! Is there anything new in the domains of Art? Is not Beauty a bewildering pursuit? And was not that a magnificently painted double-gown in Brick's great picture of The Old Gentleman? Were you at Thalberg's last concert? Didn't you think he played the *stretto* in his Fantasia with a little too much *andante* in it. Mrs. Eleidee will in this wise parrot off yard after yard of such vapid matter; generalities skimmed from the very froth of criticism; trivial truisms as pointed as the remark that Shakspeare was a great man; opinions that you have heard mumbled over and over in so many other months that they are altogether past savory enunciation; wind-dried husks of thoughts long defunct; picked up where their life has crawled out and fled away and left them, like the yellow crinkly empty grubs that locusts leave sticking on tree-trunks in the summer.

It is true that all these things *will* be talked of; all of them, in proper time and measure, are good to talk of; and if rightly managed, are profitable. But none of them, nor all of them together, are fit to constitute the staple of sensible women's—and men's—talk.

It is useless for us to suggest subjects for anything better. There are "sermons in stones," even—entertaining things to be said about everything, by the right person. The only requisite in order to social conversation of a grade very much higher than that usual in American parlors is, *thought as a preliminary*. See men, and opinions, and facts, and things, for yourself; judge of them for yourself; state your conclusions not in phrases out of a book, nor out of other people's mouths, but in your own words. Thus your conversation will be at least characteristic, and in all probability original and interesting. There are very few human beings who have not so much shrewdness, or common sense, or good nature, or wit, or logic, or fun, or anecdote, as may make them conversationists both entertaining and useful, if only judiciously managed.

GUANO.—A correspondent of the *New England Farmer*, with whose judgment the editor agrees, views Guano as an undue stimulus to the vegetable, and perhaps mineral matter already in the soil, that more and more therefore will be required every year, and that, when discontinued, the land will be in a worse condition than it was originally. According to these authorities, Guano for the soil is as bad as brandy for the farmer—the land becomes decidedly intemperate, and is finally reduced to a state of comparative poverty and beggary.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 248—Adults 80, and children 168.

THE MURDER ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.—New Year's Eve was signalized in Philadelphia by a savage crime. A poor German, harmlessly singing with his fellows under the window of his sweetheart, was set upon and stabbed to death, by a gang of those abominable blackguards whom our city authorities allow to tramp through the nightly streets in masqueraders' garb, with brandy and murder in their brains. Such occurrences as these are making Philadelphia a public disgrace. Every holiday we have is marked by some blood stain like this. Fourth-of-July, Christmas, and New Year days seem utterly given over by our lax city government to wretches who make them saturnalias of disorder and crime. We, the peaceable, tax-paying citizens, are robbed of our rest if we stay at home, and put in peril of our lives if we go abroad, by these modern Mohocks. When we become members of society, we have a right to expect the advantages which society was organized to secure to the citizen, and we pay for the support of officers whom we intend shall prevent our being molested or annoyed by the "Plug-Uglies" or "Rip-Raps," or other villains with whose existence we are unfortunately cursed. Yet our salaried servants permit these pestilent vagabonds to reel and royster through the streets all night, blowing horns, beating drums, firing guns, yelling and howling like wild beasts, and barbarously maltreating or murdering anybody that is unlucky enough to come in their way. No police officer interferes with them until they commit some frightful outrage. Now one ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure in Philadelphia as in other places; and we submit that nipping the bud of a misdemeanor before it blows into the black flower of a crime, is both necessary and wise. These rowdies should be arrested and imprisoned the very hour they presume to break a city ordinance by disturbing the nightly street. Had this been the practice of our police there would not have been a murder on Christmas eve and another on New Year's eve, nor the other excesses and riotous and noisy demonstrations which violated the city peace on these occasions. We hope our citizens will take measures to drive our tardy and beetle-headed officials into the performance of their duty in the premises, before any more people are slaughtered through their neglect or inefficiency.

THE CABINET.—There seems to be a general agreement among the news-mongers at Washington, that Gen. Cass is to be Mr. Buchanan's Secretary of State. It also appears to be agreed, that Messrs. Cobb of Georgia, Bright of Indiana, Floyd of Virginia, Clifford of Maine, and Benjamin of Louisiana, will be the other members of the Cabinet. Mr. Benjamin, it is said, will represent that section of the old Whig party which has joined the Democrats. Mr. Cobb is spoken of as Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Bright of the Interior. Of course there is no certainty that these are Mr. Buchanan's arrangements, but we give them for what they are worth.

—— As a proper comment on all such information, we may state that since penning the above, it is again denied that Gen. Cass will be Secretary of State. It is said that he has been offered the situation, but refused it.

TO OUR EXCHANGES.—We occasionally see a statement in some quick-tempered contemporary, that our terms have been complied with, and yet that the Post has not been sent in exchange. Now that this may occasionally happen, we think very possible. But how much more sensible it would be in our brother editor, to drop us a line upon the subject, calling our attention to the neglect, than to explode in an indignant or abusive editorial. Certainly, by this time, all our contemporaries might know that we made it a rule to comply strictly with such business arrangements.

New Publications.

THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH. By WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D. D. With an Account of the Emperor's Life after His Abdication. By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Robertson's history of Charles the Fifth is the best of the three works on which his fame as a historian rests. It is written with great dignity and simplicity, and is the result of much patient industry and clear judgment. We have it here, superbly printed in large type on stout white paper, in three handsome volumes. Our own graceful and careful historian's share in it is to relate at length the story of the monastic life of the great emperor after his abdication, which it was not within the scope of Robertson's plan to dwell upon, and which he disposed of, rather tamely, in some six or seven pages. It has since been written by several French and English authors, but very inaccurately and romantically, or else in a very fragmentary manner. Mr. Prescott now gives it to us in a complete and reliable form, and adds to these qualities the charms of his elegant, luminous, and eloquent diction. With all its strict historical accuracy, the account of the cloister-life of Charles at Yuste, reads like a graphic and colored novel. "When histories are rightly written," says Mr. Walter Whitman, with much acuteness, "there will be no more need of romances." Mr. Prescott illustrates the truth of this axiom. He gives us a series of pictures, alternately graphic, mournful, humorous, majestic, and beautiful. We see the greatest monarch of his time in his various characters—as the quiet monk of Yuste, the patient translator, the gardener, the clockmaker, the master-statesman, the voracious glutton, the controller of the financial affairs of half Europe, the whimsical hypochondriac, the strong and wise hand stretched out from that Spanish solitude to wheel the armies and mould the events of kingdoms. All the motley and Protean forms which the recluse of Estramadura assumed from day to day in his monastic retreat, are brought with clear brightness before us. These warm and colored closing scenes are peculiarly grateful after the sharp and cold historic pageant of Robertson.

THE KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN MELICE. A Historical Romance. By the Author of the Last Hunter. Derby & Jackson, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

A romance of Pilgrim times in New England. It is written with great power and beauty. The plot is based upon the early troubles between the Catholics and Puritans, in which a personage, mentioned in Winthrop's history, named Sir Christopher Gardiner, otherwise known as the Knight of the Golden Melice, or Honey-Bee, is the central figure. The colonial and Indian portraits in the romance are noticeably fine. The author is evidently an intelligent student of history and a novelist of unusual talent. His characterizations (or is it *her*?) are fine and well contrasted, and he has the pictorial power proper to the true romancer. The work is a practical refutation of the stupid assertion that American history furnishes no opportunity to the novelist—an assertion which has, however, been sufficiently refuted by the works of Hawthorne, Cooper, and others.

PARLOR DRAMAS; or, DRAMATIC SCENES FOR HOME AMUSEMENT. By WILLIAM B. FOWLE, author of "The Hundred Dialogues," &c. Morris Cotton. For sale by Hayes & Zell, Philada.

Mr. Fowle remarks in the preface to his work that the structure of these dramas is simple. He might with truth have applied the same descriptive epithet to the dramas also. They are supremely silly, and several of them are calculated to fill the minds of youth with false and foolish views on subjects which, however blamewothy, are not exempt from the common necessity of being accurately understood, or deprived of the common right of being fairly represented. It is a good proverb that counsels us to give the devil his due, and we commend it to Mr. Fowle's consideration. If his book were not intended for the use of children, we would let it pass without notice, as its intense inanity could not influence any grown person. But children being very impressionable, and as any wrench their minds may suffer in any direction, is liable to prejudice their judgment for a life-time, we deem it necessary to warn parents against permitting them to become biased by the misrepresentations and petty bigotries of this volume.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LIFETIME; Or, Men and Things I Have Seen. By S. G. GOODRICH. Miller, Orton & Mulligan, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

Mr. Goodrich is popularly known as "Peter Parley," as the author and editor of about one hundred and seventy volumes, and as our whilome Consul to Paris. In this, his latest book, he gives us an amusing and suggestive, though by no means complete, narrative of his life and times. It is a mosaic of bits of history, biographical sketches, anecdotes and descriptions. Few works of the year have as much merit and readability as this record of half a century's reminiscences. The author is a man of strong prejudices, somewhat narrow, rather fossil in some directions, but with great excellencies of character, which appear strongly in his book.—There are a few pages and expressions here and there that we regret; but, as a whole, the spirit and letter of the work are commendable, and its fund of entertainment is ample. We have already given our readers specimens of its quality to some extent, and need hardly say that it is well worth a perusal.

Paris Letter.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE—WHIMS OF THE WEATHER—GENTLE COERCION—NEW STARS AND OLD ONES—AN UNEXPECTED DIFFICULTY—A GROWING EVIL—AN AUGUST CEREMONIAL—A BABY'S ATTENDANTS—REPUBLICAN DENTISTS AND IMPERIAL DENTALS—TIRED OF REIGNING.

PARIS, Dec. 11, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

It is really time that the vice and folly so rife in high places should be got rid of by some means or other; for such a state of things as obtains in too many European countries cannot but have a very entangling effect upon the conscience. For instance, the news has just reached us that a soldier has made an unsuccessful attempt on the life of King Bomba. Ought one to be glad, or sorry, that this attempt has failed?

As for the Parisians, the hopes of being able to enjoy the rare amusement of sleighing, in which they were indulging a fortnight ago, have melted away as rapidly as the snow which was falling at the date of my last letter. All the weather-wiseacres had prophecied a severe winter with such unanimity that we had quite made up our minds to the infliction; and now, instead of being half frozen as we ought to be, to support the honor of the almanacs, behold we are in the midst of such unseasonable mildness of temperature, that we may expect to see the almond-trees of the Luxembourg in full bloom during next month, unless as sudden a change in the good pleasure of the upper regions should keep the imprudent blossoms from showing themselves.

This disappointment to the owners of sleighs has thrown the fashionables with more ardor than ever into the rage for private theatricals, mentioned in my last.

But, unfortunately, most of the grandees of the aristocratic and financial world are prolonging their stay in the country unusually late this year; and as the rehearsals are going on at their *chateaux*, with a view to their being ready to burst forth in all the splendor of their performances somewhere about Christmas, on their return to town, the gentleman-amateurs are out of patience at the demands thus made upon their time. In many cases the zeal of these very important auxiliaries has been flagging so much, that the noble *impresario* has found it necessary to resort to very stringent measures to keep the "*troupe*" together. Thus, for example, a few days ago, M. Jules de F. whose dramatic talent has caused him to be besieged on all hands by the fair "managers" who have been forming their *troupes* with so much generalship, received a telegraphic message from the Countess Leh— summoning him to attend a rehearsal at the chateau on the second day from the date of the message. As the Chateau Leh— is some 250 miles from Paris, and M. Jules de F. had another project in his head for that day, he considered the summons as a "bore," and determined not to obey it. An hour or two after the time appointed for the rehearsal, he received a second message, telling him that "he was fined 100f., which would be given to the poor; that a second absence from the rehearsals would be followed by a fine of 500f.; and that, if he persisted in staying away, the severest penalties provided by the statutes of the society would be enforced against him." The unfortunate amateur was therefore fain to ring his bell, order his *valet* to pack his valise as quickly as possible, and take the first train for the vicinity of the Countess's chateau.

The public stage seems little inclined to allow itself to be thrown into the shade by these volunteer rivals. Mademoiselle Piccolomini has just made her first appearance at the Italian opera here, in the *Traviata*, a pale imitation of the *Dame aux Camellias*, music by Verdi. But neither the young artist, nor the opera, have found favor with the Parisian public. Mario, on the contrary, whose voice was in so dilapidated a condition last winter that he never appeared here without provoking spiteful comments, has just returned from a six months' stay in Italy with his loveliest of lovely voices so marvellously rejuvenated that his bitterest critics are all declaring in concert that he has regained almost the whole force and beauty of his palmiest days.

The approach of the elections for the Representative Body has necessitated the drawing up of the usual electoral lists; and this necessity has made manifest a curious and unlooked for consequence of the upsettings so often alluded to in these letters, for it appears that the demolitions and rebuildings going on here for the last few years have created such confusion, and so many changes in the distribution of the population of Paris, that it is actually impossible to find the number of voters (thirty-five thousand for each of the deputies returned by the city to the Legislative chamber) demanded by the Constitution! How the difficulty is to be overcome is not yet made apparent.

The Minister of Finances being just about to farm out the sale of tobacco and cigars for Paris, during the coming year, has announced that the estimates for cigars only amount to no less than 24 millions, viz., regalias 18 millions, Londons, 6 millions. It has been computed that if the use of tobacco should go on increasing at the rate it has increased at during the last twenty-five years, the profits on this one substance, whose sale is a monopoly in the hands of the government, will suffice, forty years hence, to pay off the entire amount of the national budget!

A pretty prospect truly, and fraught with happy promise for the future, considering that tobacco cannot be used without poisoning and weakening those who use it. I wish your fair readers could have heard the outburst of eloquent anger which the startling computation above recorded, provoked from an illustrious naturalist and savant, a few evenings ago, in the *salon* of the well-known Countess de T.

"Don't talk of the need of stimulants, of some sort or other, being a justification of this wholesale poisoning of a nation!" exclaimed this gentleman in reply to a fashionable bachelor who is famed for his devotion to his cigar-case, and who had languidly given utterance to this stereotyped plea in favor of the "Havana." "I admit that we need stimulants, for the body as well as for the mind. But let us see to it that these stimulants are of a healthy character, that they strengthen and ennoble, instead of weakening and degrading those who resort to them. Art, science, the affections and friendships of the heart, devotion to one's country and one's kind, are not these the noblest and most enduring stimulants for our higher nature? And for the physical organization are there not athletic games, gymnastics and the various innocent and healthy recreations of social life, the beauties of nature, the excitement of travel; and out-of-door exercise, visits to the country, and a thousand other inexpensive and healthy pleasures, within reach even of the poor. Don't talk to me of tobacco which is stunting the growth, brutalizing the intelligence, and corrupting the morals of our people, as being a legitimate and natural stimulus, any more than the use of alcoholic drinks in England, the beer-swigging of Germany, the arsenic-eating of the Swiss, the opium and betel chewing of the East! They are all mischievous; all evidences of the want of true development and healthy human life in the midst of our scientific and mechanical progress. Physiologists, as we know, are united in declaring that the use of tobacco, in all its forms, necessarily and inevitably produces physical deterioration, and mental decrepitude; and that the average of physical stature and vigor, as of intellectual power, among any given people, is lowered in direct proportion to the spread of the use of tobacco among its ranks. Look at Turkey, at Spain; nay, look at home, where the proportion of our young men annually refused admission into the army, from smallness of stature and physical infirmities, is increasing year by year. Moreover, the moralist tells us that the effects of smoking, in the social world, are equally injurious; the direct action of this deleterious habit being to separate the sexes and to render marriages proportionably rare. For the enjoyment of smoking is, in the first place, and in its very nature, individual and anti-social, begetting in the smoker a tendency to lazy sitting or strolling, during which he goes off into dreamland on the clouds of his own raising. Next, as this habit is in general disagreeable to the ladies of the smoker's family and circle, he gradually absents himself more and more from the drawing-room, to indulge without restraint in his pipe or cigar, shut up in his own particular den, at his club, or in the company of that portion of the other sex which is at once the victim and the plague-spot of modern society. In how many cases is this tyrannous mania for smoking at the bottom of the estrangement of sons and brothers from those home-influences from which no man can withdraw himself without injury to his own moral and social development? At the bottom, also, of the unwillingness of young men to marry, and their growing preference for the egotistic and immoral celibacy which enables them to continue the use of tobacco without being "bothered" by the feminine influence which it is supposed, and rightly, that a wife would naturally bring to bear against the most subtle enemy of her sex?" (Here a good many mischievous glances were directed against the aforesaid bachelor.) "If women could but be induced to look this gigantic evil fairly in the face," continued the indignant *savant*, warming with his subject, "if they could see not only how deeply injurious is the use of tobacco to the best interests of society, but also how directly, as women, and from its danger to themselves as such, they are interested in putting it down, we should see them leagued against tobacco from one end of the civilized world to the other. And I should like to know how long the 'filthy weed,' as the English King so aptly called it, could hold its ground against the uprootings of so invincible a crusade!"

The Imperial baby, who, as your readers may remember, was inscribed among the members of the Imperial Guard, a few days after his birth, was solemnly "initiated" yesterday into that body. He behaved, it is said, with great propriety during the ceremony, but indulged in a little squalling at its close. The new *brother-in-arms* (excuse the enormity!) had probably begun to think of his nurse, with a feeling of preference for her ministrations, rather than the society of his companions in glory. When the "initiation" was over, the young gentleman was taken out for a drive to the Bois de Boulogne, in an open carriage, containing his Imperial self, his governess, and his nurses. But the *cortege* which escorted the airing of this Imperial scion!

First of all, came a couple of out-riders, side by side, each with a loaded pistol in his hand, turned at a right angle with the heads of the people on the pavements. After these, came six mounted guards, riding two and two, and bearing each a drawn sword. Then came the carriage containing the "Pope of France;" then six more guards, with six more drawn swords; and lastly, two more out-riders with pistols! The baby, a great, fair, fat child, very handsome, with fine rosy cheeks, and a profusion of light, silky curls, was dressed in a blue cloak, with a white hat and a blue feather. He looked the picture of infantine satisfaction, and certainly does honor to his nurse.

While the representatives of England, France, Russia, Austria, Prussia, Sardinia and Turkey are preparing to hold a palaver here, with a view to deciding on the mode of carrying into execution certain minor provisions of the late Treaty, your eminent fellow-townsman, Doctor Evans, whose position here as incontestibly at the head of the dental profession in Europe has been mentioned in former letters, has just returned from Russia, whither he had been summoned to look after the teeth of his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of All the Russias, and the various august personages of the Imperial family. The Emperor, the Empress, the Grand Duke Constantine, the Grand Duchess Helene, in short, the whole lot of Imperial Bears have put their august muzzles into his hands one after the other, thus keeping him busily employed, and overwhelmed with the most flattering attentions for some three weeks, to the great disgust of the hosts of patients waiting for him in Paris, where the untiring labors of Mr. Thomas Evans, the *alter ego* of the amiable and accomplished dentist, were necessarily insufficient to meet the demands of a practice which keeps both the brothers, and the young nephews they are so carefully training for the same career, on the stretch from one end of the year to the other. During the past month, Doctor Evans, who has been sent for from court to court, on his way back from Moscow, has doctored the teeth of no less than twenty-two crowned, royal, and imperial personages; including three Emperors, four kings, two queens and a reigning Grand Duchess, and a whole posse of reigning princes and dukes, with their wives, brothers and children; a curious circumstance for an American republican, and one which shows conclusively the value attached to his admirable skill in the highest circles of the Old World. Among the magnificent presents offered to him by his royal patients, I may mention, as particularly beautiful, a snuff-box in blue enamel with an O and crown in fine diamonds, from Prince Oscar of Sweden, and a superb specimen of the same genus from the Emperor Alexander; the latter being entirely covered with arabesques on a dark enamelled ground, said arabesques being in diamonds on the lid, and in gold on the sides and the bottom. These splendid things will take their places among the host of similar magnificences described in one of my former letters as having been presented to Doctor Evans by his innumerable royal and imperial patients.

Meantime it is rumored that the King Frederick VII., of Denmark, weary of the weight of his crown, is about to abdicate in favor of his eldest son, Prince Ferdinand, (to whom he has just been reconciled after a long estrangement,) and will enjoy the repose of private life with his morganatic wife, the Countess Danner. This lady is an ex-milliner of Copenhagen. A friend of mine who describes her as being very pretty, kind-hearted, and pleasing, was formerly accustomed to purchase her bonnets of her. The king, being dotingly fond of his wife, and almost equally fond of hunting and fishing, is believed to be thinking of retiring to a magnificent estate he has purchased in Switzerland, where he would no doubt be able to amuse himself very agreeably for the rest of his days. QUANTUM.

WINE DRINKING.

MESSRS. EDITORS OF THE SAT. EVE. POST:—Though only a few years a reader of your paper, I like it as an old acquaintance. Your views and mine are as much alike as a variety of circumstances may admit, and if I write now, it is only because I suppose I can give you a piece of reliable information. In one of your recent numbers, you spoke your doubts about the effect of wine in regard to intemperance. Being born in Europe, in West Switzerland, a wine-growing country, I dare say I know something in this case. But I am free to state beforehand, that I am in no sense a partisan of abstinence. A laborer myself, I know very few men so bodily constituted as to be able to endure severe toil without any stimulant. Some beverages of this kind, namely, coffee and tea, are not intoxicating; but all liquor containing alcohol, id est, every fermented beverage *is* intoxicating, and produces *drunkenness*, provided enough is imbibed to impair the nervous strength. I have seen an only glass of *pure* wine give giddiness to heads not otherwise feeble, and in these cases a bottle of the same would have produced a more or less complete intoxication. Yes, sir, wine and drunkenness may and do exist; be sure the same may be said of beer and cider more freely imbibed. Drunkards live about vineyards as well as about distilleries. That shameful state may vary in features according to natural propensities; it may be somewhat more telling on the health, when the result of whiskey, but the final result is always the same, because the cause is too, always the same, alcohol more or less diluted. Alcohol is a poison; chemists will tell you tea and coffee contain also a poisonous principle. A great French chemist, said once: "Poison is everywhere," and he was right, because everywhere the human foolishness or guilt may draw evil out of good. In one thing I may, notwithstanding, agree with prohibitionists, it is that pure alcohol itself being a poison should only be retailed as a remedy or a mechanical agent. In want of any other drink, it may be added to water so as to act as a strengthening principle, but only in small quantities.

These are my views, gentlemen Editors; I might add something on the wine growing prospect in the United States, if you like another letter of your correspondent.

LS. VULLIET.

Highland, Madison county, Illinois.

☞ Two German girls, with a hurdy-gurdy and tamborine, have, it is said, netted two thousand pounds sterling ($9,600), in the short space of ten months, in Australia.

☞ TOO LAZY BY HALF.—The Brazilians are too proud to work. A gentleman of eighteen was induced to honor an importing house with his services at the desk. A parcel not larger than a double letter was handed him by one of the firm, with a request to take it to another house in the neighborhood. He looked at it, at the merchant, took it between his finger and thumb, gazed again at both, meditated a moment, stepped out, and a few yards from the door called a black, who carried it behind him to its destination.

☞ A journalist took great credit to himself, the other day, by declaring that a political prophecy of his had come true. As a proof, he referred to his article, written six months prior, in which it was found he had said—such and such a crisis "might or might not" take place.

☞ The tendency of the Parisians to political change was not ill described by the Frenchman when, speaking of them during the year of tumult, 1848, he said, "They do not know what they want, and they will not stop till they have got it!"

☞ It is said that the mummy of Nebuchadnezzar has been found by Mr. Layard, at Babylon. The green grass in his stomach settled the question.

☞ A gentleman the other evening objected to playing cards with a lady, because she had such a "winning" way about her.

☞ Speaking of hoops, Punch says that a man who intends getting round his wife must start very early in the morning.

☞ The finger of Galileo is shown under a glass case in the Florence Museum. It stands on a mysterious-looking bit of parchment, pointing towards heaven.

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AN OFFICER OF THE NORTH PACIFIC SURVEYING AND EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

"A RACE WITH A FLOOD TIDE."

While thus engaged coaling ship, on the West coast of Kamtschatka (as per last several letters), a number of us met with a disagreeably exciting adventure, which I purpose making the subject of this my last letter in regard to Kamtschatka.

We had been on shore hunting all day, and the officer of the deck had sent a boat for us towards evening, with orders to "work until the officers came down, and then to bring them on board." The firemen and boat's crews having worked at the coal as long as the tide would permit, had returned on board, shortly after noon, for the purpose of getting a few hours' rest, previous to the arrival of the next tide, for, as I have already remarked, we had to consult the height of the water in the selection of our working hours, and this often resulted in our devoting the day to sleep and the night to work.

Now the coxswain of this boat, which had been sent to take us off, instead of keeping her at the end of the promontory, where there was, even at dead low tide, water enough to float her, had pulled in over the mud-flat, and hauled her up on the beach, about half way between that point and the coal vein, and then, with the rest of the crew, walked along the beach (a distance of nearly a mile,) to the expiring fire, which had been left by the firemen when they went on board. There they piled on a fresh supply of coal, and seating themselves around it, began smoking their pipes, telling their several histories, spinning yarns, and making themselves as generally comfortable as the cold air and their wet feet would admit of. And this was the state of affairs that existed when our party arrived, and asked,

"Well, boys! where's the boat?"

"Down along the beach, sir!" said the coxswain, as he jumped to his feet, and started off towards her. "We hauled her up nicely, clear of the water, before we came up, and buried the anchor in the sand. She can't get away, sir."

"I suppose not," I replied. "Why didn't you leave half of the crew in her to keep her afloat? There's half a mile of mud between her and the water by this time."

And so it proved to be, for when we had turned a point and got her in view, we saw the whole flat before us, without sign of water near it, and thus found ourselves under the necessity of waiting for the next tide: three or four long, inactive hours to be passed in the cold air, with our wearied limbs and our empty stomachs as our only companions; the idea of dragging the boat through a half mile of mud and rocks being of course out of the question.

"A stupid piece of work, altogether!" remarked one of the party, in an irritated voice. "It *is* singular how many jackasses there are in the world."

The coxswain here looked very guilty, and to hide his confusion, suddenly discovered an imaginary coal vein in the precipitous side of the mountain on our right.

"Never mind finding any more coal!" I observed to him. "What I want you to do now, is to take two of the crew with you, and go and stay by the boat until the tide rises, then bring her up along the beach as the water deepens. We'll go back by the fire until then, and meet you as you come up."

So the rest of us retraced our steps, piled on more coal, and tried to imagine ourselves in a very comfortable situation.

By-and-by, as we were seated around the blazing pile, limbs began to feel less weary under the influence of returning warmth, eyes began to grow heavy in about the same proportion, heads began to bob about spasmodically, and even the breathing of some to become heavy and regular. Not a word had been spoken for— I can't say how long, for mine was one of those bobbing heads, and time had assumed a most misty appearance in its drowsy chambers.

Suddenly we were aroused by shouts, away down the beach, and springing to our feet, we found that night was closing around us, that the fire had burned quite low, and that hurried feet were approaching us from the direction of the boat. Excited voices, too, were borne to us upon the damp night air, telling us that something wrong had turned up at the boat, and awakening us most effectually. The next moment the breathless coxswain and his two companions rushed into sight, exclaiming, at the top of their voices,

"Come on, sir! Come quick, Mr. Smith! The tide's a rising fast, and we've come up to let you know."

I don't know that I ever felt more like knocking a man down in my whole life, than I did at that moment. As for Vel Lager, he actually foamed at the mouth, in his desperate attempts to command enough English to convey his emotions.

That fellow had been left by the boat, with the previously-mentioned orders, and instead of obeying them, he had become frightened at the noise of the swelling tide, and wasted precious time by coming almost a mile to tell us that *it was rising*. And now we were left with but one alternative: we must either be content to remain where we were, out of reach of the water and leave the boat to beat about in the surf, and be probably drifted out to sea, or we must make a run for it, and try to reach her before the tide rose so high as to cover the beach and drown all who should not be able to swim back. We had travelled up and down that beach both by day and night, and knew well enough that there would be no use in trying to climb up those steep, almost perpendicular walls, when the water should wash us from our feet: our only hope would be in the untiring arm of the practised swimmer.

It was something of more than ordinary importance upon which we were now called upon to decide; and I am free to acknowledge, as I look back upon that darkening night, that I might have acted with much more prudence than I did; still, when some one cried out, "Let us run for it! there is yet time," I stopped to think no longer, but dropping my gun on the beach, and telling one of the men to come on with it as fast as he could, I started off on a full run, and was followed by the entire party.

And such a run as that was. I never engaged in anything approaching it before—I hope never to be engaged in anything similar to it again.

The lingering twilight of the almost endless arctic day, was at length giving place to the tardy night. The atmosphere was just cool enough to keep one from getting warm, even by running, and the confounded "boot-jack mixture" that was constantly crossing our path, more than once threw me down, at the eminent risk of breaking some limb, or even my neck. I could hear the increasing surging of the flood-tide as it rolled towards us, and the decreasing noise made by my companions as they hurried along after me; I was evidently distancing them slowly, and nearing the tide-rip rapidly.

I was either the worst scared man in the party, or I had the lightest pair of legs, one of the two. And I remember that thought flashing through my mind and causing me to laugh, as I looked ahead to the next breakfast-table, and heard some one say:—"Oh! but you should have *seen Smith* run, that was the best part of it all." I heard this in the imaginary future, I say, and *smiled*, but I expect it was a most ghastly attempt.

At any rate, it was of short duration, for it fled before the increasing noise of the nearing tide, and left me with a feeling of startled alarm as my only companion. Yes, it was even something more than a feeling of startled alarm. It was much more like a bad scare, the feeling that possessed me, as my left foot just then sank into a streak of the "mixture," and caused me to measure my length on what fortunately proved to be good hard sand.

That particular streak happened to be narrow, and I was carried over it by my momentum, and was, moreover, very well satisfied to be able to pick myself up again, rub my skinned elbows, and continue the race, with anything but decreased speed.

There were two high points between our starting point and the boat, which ran down across the beach to about half tide mark, and I had now arrived at the first of them, just as the advancing ripple commenced to wash it. Doubling around it at full speed, with the water already ankle deep, I shouted to them behind—"Bear a hand! Bear a hand!"—and dashed along the next stretch of beach for the last point.

I now began to feel a little the worse for exercise. My skin was hot and dry. My knees decidedly weaker than at first; while my chest and throat actually seemed to burn under the constant friction of heavy and rapid breathing. My eyes, too, were dimmed by the extreme exertion, and a dizzy feeling about the brain advised me to slacken up or risk a probable fall. Still, knowing that everything now depended upon *some one reaching the boat before she was washed away*, and knowing also that I was the nearest one to her, it became me to continue lifting my feet up and putting them down again as fast as possible. Could I but weather this last point all would be well, for I could then get in the boat and bring her around it for those who might arrive too late. It was this consideration, which, combined with my "badly scared" condition, served to keep me up to my speed, while I felt every moment more and more like fainting.

At times I thought of giving in in spite of all this, but then I cast my eyes from the *inclined, wedge-like* surface of the foaming waters to the dark outlines of the point which was now only a few hundred yards ahead, and reflecting that I had only to round the latter and put my hand on the boat's gunwale I traightened up bravely, (in spite of my alarm,) and threw myself bodily towards it, though my knees did tremble, my feet came down rather wildly, and my eyes grew dimmer and dimmer under such a combination of excitement and exertion.

Finally it was reached. And as I dragged myself heavily around it through the knee-deep water that broke around me, I saw the boat rolling from bilge to bilge in the rising surf a few rods ahead, and was so enlivened by the sight that I expended much of my remaining breath in an encouraging shout to my following companions. I had not arrived more than a minute or two too soon; a few moments later and she would have been afloat, possibly drifting out into the bay, and leaving us to swim, climb up the steep and crumbling sides of the promontory or—sink.

I staggered up to her unsteady side, and grasping *her gunwales* with both hands, strove to shove her into deep water, but my strength was all gone; I felt at once that I was powerless while alone, and so with an exhibition of what I call a vast amount of common sense, I crawled over into the stern sheets, and was rolled from side to side for a minute or more until the others came up and pushed her into deep water. *I was used up.*

We now got out our oars, and while doing so drifted by the point we had so lately *waded around*, and one of the crew shoving his boathook over the side, found *four feet water*, where a minute before it had been *but knee deep*. We looked at the hopeless hill-side, shuddered, and felt thankful.

"You ought to have seen Smith run"—remarked one of the party at breakfast, next morning. And Smith laughed, but *such* a laugh.

The next day we were again under way with bunkers full of coal, that had cost the Government *nothing*, and our apparently endless work still looming up ahead of us.

AN ANTIQUE JEWEL.—A faire and happy milkmayd is a country wench, that is no farre from making herselfe beautifull by art, that one looke of hers is able to put all face-physicke out of countenance. She knowes a faire looke is but a dumbe orator to commend vertue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolne upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparell (which is her selfe) is farre better than out sides of tissew; for though she be not not arrayed in the spoile of the silkeworme, shee is deckt in innocency, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long abed, spoile both her complexion and conditions; nature hath taught her, too immoderate sleepe is rust to the soule: she rises therefore with chaunticleare, her dame's cock; at night makes the lamb her courfew. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seemes that so sweet a milk-presse makes the milk the whiter or sweeter; for never came almond glove or aromatique oyntment on her palme to taint it. The golden eares of corne fall and kisse her feet when shee reapes them, as if they wisht to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that fell'd them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the yeare long of June, like a new made hay-cock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity: and when winter evenings fall early (sitting at her merry wheele) she sings a defiance to the giddy wheele of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to doe ill, being her mind is to doe well. She bestowes her yeare's wages at next faire; and in choosing her garments, counts no bravery i'th' world, like decencie. The garden and bee-hive are all her physick and chyrurgery, and she lives the longer for't. She dares goe alone, and unfold sheepe i'th' night, and feares no manner of ill, because she meanes none: yet to say truth, she is never alone, for she is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not pauled with inexing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreames are so chaste, that shee dare tell them; only a Fridales dream is all her superstition: that she conceales for feare of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is that she may die in the springtime, to have store of flowers stucke upon her winding-sheet.—*Sir Thomas Overbury.*

HOW CONGO KILLED THE LIONESS.

FROM "THE YOUNG YAGERS,"

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

Congo had now become an object of as great interest as in the morning. Greater in fact, for the new danger he was about to undergo—a combat with an enraged lioness—was accounted still greater than that of fording the Garoep, and the interest was in proportion. With eager eyes the young yagers stood watching him as he prepared himself for the encounter.

He was but a short while in getting ready. He was seen to enter the Van Wyk wagon, and in less than three minutes come out again fully armed and equipped. The lioness would not have long to wait for her assailant.

The equipment of the Kaffir must needs be described.

It was simple enough, though odd to a stranger's eye. It was neither more nor less than the equipment of a Zooloo warrior.

In his right hand he held a bunch of *assegais*, —in all six of them.

What is an "assegai?"

It is a straight lance or spear, though not to be used as one. It is smaller than either of these weapons, shorter and more slender in the shaft, but like them armed with an iron head of arrow-shape. In battle it is not retained in the hand, but flung at the enemy, often from a considerable distance. It is, in short, a "javelin," or "dart," —such as was used in Europe before fire-arms became known, and such as at present forms the war weapon of all the savage tribes of Southern Africa, but especially those of the Kaffir nations. And well know they how to project this dangerous missile. At the distance of a hundred yards they will send it with a force as great, and an aim as unerring as either bullet or arrow! The assegai is flung by a single arm.

Of these javelins Congo carried six, spanning their slender shafts with his long, muscular fingers.

The assegais were not the oddest part of his equipment. That was a remarkable thing which he bore on his left arm. It was of oval form, full six feet in length by about three in width, concave on the side towards his body, and equally convex on the opposite. More than any thing else did it resemble a small boat or canoe made of skins stretched over a framework of wood, and of such materials was it constructed. It was, in fact, a shield,—a Zooloo shield—though of somewhat larger dimensions than those used in war. Notwithstanding its great size it was far from clumsy, but light, tight, and firm,—so much so that arrow, assegai, or bullet, striking it upon the convex side, would have glanced off as from a plate of steel.

A pair of strong bands fastened inside along the bottom enabled the wearer to move it about at will; and placed upright, with its lower end resting upon the ground, it would have sheltered the body of the tallest man. It sheltered that of Congo, and Congo was no dwarf.

Without another word he walked out, the huge *carapace* on his left arm, five of the assegais clutched in his left hand, while one that he had chose for the first throw he held in his right. This one was grasped near the middle, and carried upon the balance.

No change had taken place in the situation of affairs out upon the plain. In fact, there had not been much time for any. Scarce five minutes had elapsed from the time the Kaffir stated his purpose, until he went forth to execute it. The lioness was still roaming about, uttering her frightful screams. The hyenas were still there. The moment the Kaffir was seen approaching the cowardly hyenas fled with a howl, and soon disappeared under the bosch.

Far other with the lioness. She seemed to pay no regard to the approach of the hunter. She neither turned her head, nor looked in the direction he was coming. Her whole attention was absorbed by the mass of bodies upon the plain. She yelled her savage notes as she regarded them. She was no doubt lamenting the fate of her grim and swarthy partner, that lay dead before her eyes. At all events, she did not seem to notice the hunter until he had got within twenty paces of the spot!

At that distance the Kaffir halted, rested his huge shield upon the ground—still holding it erect—poised the assegai a moment in his right hand, and then sent it whizzing through the air.

It pierced the side of the tawny brute, and hung quivering between her ribs. Only for a moment. The fierce animal doubled round upon herself, caught the shaft in her teeth, and broke it off as if it had been a straw!

The blade of the assegai still remained in the flesh, but the lioness waited no longer. She had now perceived her enemy; and, uttering a vengeful scream, she sprang towards him. With one tremendous bound she cleared three-fourths of the space that lay between them, and a second would have carried her upon the shoulders of the Kaffir; but the latter was prepared to receive her, and, as she rose to her second leap, he disappeared suddenly from the scene! As if by magic he had vanished; and had not the boys been watching his every movement, they would have been at a loss to know what had become of him. But they knew that under that oval convex form, whose edges rested upon the earth, lay Congo the Kaffir. There lay he, like a tortoise in its shell, clutching the straps with all his might, and pressing his carapace firmly against the ground!

The lioness was more astonished than the spectators. At the second leap she pitched right down upon the shield, but the drum-like noise made by her weight, and the hard, firm substance encountered by her claws, quite disconcerted her, and springing aside she stood gazing at the odd object with looks of alarm!

She stood but for a moment, and then, uttering a savage growl of disappointment, turned tail upon it, and trotted off!

This growl guided Congo. The shield was raised from the ground—only on one side, and but a very little way at first—just enough to enable the hunter to see the stern of the retreating lioness.

Then the Kaffir rose quickly to his feet, and holding the shield erect, prepared for the casting of a second assegai.

This was quickly thrown and pierced the animal in the flank, where shaft and all remained sticking in the flesh. The lioness turned with redoubled fury, once more charged upon her assailant, and, as before, was met by the hard convex surface of the shield. This time she did not immediately retreat, but stood menacing the strange object, striking it with her clawed hoofs, and endeavoring to turn it over.

Now was the moment of peril for Congo. Had the lioness succeeded in making a capsize, it would have been all up with him, poor fellow! But he knew the danger, and with one hand clutching the leathern straps, and the other bearing upon the edge of the frame, he was able to hold firm and close,—closer even "than a barnacle to a ship's copper."

After venting her rage in several impotent attempts to break or overturn the carapace, the lioness at length went growling away towards her former position.

Her growls, as before, guided the actions of Congo. He was soon upon his feet, another assegai whistled through the air, and pierced through the neck of the lioness.

But, as before, the wound was not fatal, and the animal, now enraged to a frenzy, charged once more upon her assailant. So rapid was her advance that it was with great difficulty Congo got under cover. A moment later, and his ruse would have failed, for the claws of the lioness rattled upon the shield as it descended.

He succeeded, however, in planting himself firmly, and was once more safe under the thick buffalo hide. The lioness now howled with disappointed rage; and, after spending some minutes in fruitless endeavors to upset the shield, she once more desisted. This time, however, instead of going away, the angry brute kept pacing round and round, and at length *lay down within three feet of the spot.* Congo was besieged!

The boys saw at a glance that Congo was a captive. The look of the lioness told them this. Though she was several hundred yards off, they could see that she wore an air of determination, and was not likely to depart from the spot without having her revenge. There could be no question about it—the Kaffir was in "a scrape."

Should the lioness remain, how was he to get out of it? He could not escape by any means. To raise the shield would be to tempt the fierce brute upon him. Nothing could be plainer than that.

The boys shouted aloud to warn him of his danger. They feared that he might not be aware of the close proximity of his enemy.

Notwithstanding the danger there was something ludicrous in the situation in which the Kaffir was placed; and the young hunters, though anxious about the result, could scarce keep from laughter, as they looked forth upon the plain.

There lay the lioness within three feet of the shield, regarding it with fixed and glaring eyes, and at intervals uttering her savage growls. There lay the oval form, with Congo beneath, motionless and silent. A strange pair of adversaries, indeed!

Long time the lioness kept her close vigil, scarce moving her body from its crouching attitude. Her tail only vibrated from side to side, and the muscles of her jaws quivered with subdued rage. The boys shouted repeatedly to warn Congo; though no reply came from the hollow interior of the carapace. They might have spared their breath. The cunning Kaffir knew as well as they the position of his enemy. Her growls, as well as her loud breathing, kept him admonished of her whereabouts; and he well understood how to act under the circumstances.

For a full half hour this singular scene continued; and as the lioness showed no signs of deserting her post, the young yagers at length determined upon an attack, or, at all events, a feint that would draw her off.

It was close upon sunset, and, should night come down, what would become of Congo? In the darkness he might be destroyed. He might relax his watchfulness—he might go to sleep, and then his relentless enemy would have the advantage.

Something must be done to release him from his narrow prison—and at once.

They had saddled and mounted their horses, and were about to ride forth, when the sharp-eyed Hans noticed that the lioness was much farther off from the shield than when he last looked that way. And yet she had not moved—at all events, no one had seen her stir—and she was still in the very same attitude! How, then?

"Ha! look yonder! the shield is moving!"

As Hans uttered these words the eyes of all turned upon the carapace.

Sure enough, it was moving. Slowly and gradually it seemed to glide along the ground, like a huge tortoise, though its edges remained close to the surface. Although impelled by no visible power, all understood what this motion meant—Congo was the moving power!

The yagers held their bridles firm, and sat watching with breathless interest.

In a few minutes more the shield had moved full ten paces from the crouching lioness. The latter seemed not to notice this change in the relative position of herself and her cunning adversary. If she did, she beheld it rather with feelings of curiosity or wonder than otherwise. At all events, she kept her post until the curious object had gone a wide distance from her.

She might not have suffered it to go much farther; but it was now far enough for her adversary's purpose, for the shield suddenly became erect, and the Kaffir once more sent his assegai whirling from his hand.

It was the fatal shaft. The lioness chanced to be crouching broadside towards the hunter. His aim was true, and the barbed iron pierced through her heart. A short growl, that was soon stifled—a short despairing struggle, that soon ended, and the mighty brute lay motionless in the dust!

A loud "hurrah!" came from the direction of the camp, and the young yagers now galloped forth upon the plain, and congratulated Congo upon the successful result of his perilous conflict.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.—The cedars, which still bear their ancient name, stand mostly upon four small contiguous knolls, within a compass of less than forty rods in diameter. They form a thick forest, without underbush. The older trees have several trunks, and thus spread themselves widely around; but most of the others are cone-like in form, and do not throw out their boughs laterally to any great extent. Some few trees stand alone on the outskirts of the grove; and one especially, on the south, is large and very beautiful. With this exception, none of the trees came up to my ideal of the graceful beauty of the cedar of Lebanon, such as I had formerly seen it in the Jardin des Plantes. Some of the older trees are already much broken; and will soon be wholly destroyed. The fashion is now coming into vogue to have articles made of this wood for sale to travellers; and it is also burned as fuel by the few people that here pass the summer. These causes of destruction, though gradual in their operation, are nevertheless sure. Add to this the circumstance that travellers in former years (to say nothing of the present time) have been shameless enough to cause large spots to be hewn smooth on the trunks of some of the noblest trees, in order to inscribe their names. The two earliest which I saw were Frenchmen; one was dated in 1791. The wood of the Lebanon cedar is white, with a pleasant but not strong odor; and bears no comparison, in beauty or fragrance, with the common red cedar of America.—*Robinson.*

THE WIDOW AND HER DAUGHTER.

"And so, you strip yourself of comfort for the sake of adding to this rich merchant's gains?"

The widow replied, with flushed cheek—

"It may seem a light thing with you, but the thought that I am slowly and surely wiping every stain from my husband's honor, is my greatest earthly comfort. Mr. Miner is his last creditor, and, God willing, every cent shall be paid."

Her coarser relative responded with an emphatic "fiddlestick," and angrily left her presence.

"At last I have it," said a silvery voice, and a sweet face, glad and brilliant, brightened up the gloom.

"Only see, mother! ten dollars, all my own; ten more make twenty: so we shall have a nice little sum for Mr. Miner."

Tears trembled on the widow's lashes, and glittered on her pale cheek.

"Is it to be the price of thy life, my precious one?" she thought. "Is the canker-worm at the heart of my beautiful flower? Must I give thee up to weary toil, a sacrifice upon the altar of duty? Can it be that God requires it?"

Eva kneeled at her mother's feet, where she had fallen with all the abandon of a child, her hand fastened to the shining gold.

Lifting her glance, she met that of her mother, full of anxiety, touched with sorrow. A sudden smile broke over her delicate features.

"I was only thinking of the endless things this money would buy—don't look so grave, mamma—such a beauty of a warm shawl for you, and a neat crimson cover for that untidy old arm-chair; a bit, ever so little, of carpet, to put down by the bed, that your feet need not feel this cold floor; and a pretty cap, besides coal, the tea and sugar, and such nice, comfortable things. But never mind," and she sprang to her feet, brushed back her brown curls, and drew on her neat little bonnet—"never mind, I'll may-be write a book one of these days, and that'll make you and me rich. And, dear mother, you shall ride in your own carriage, and may-be those that scorn us now only because we are poor, may be thankful of our notice. A truce to romance," she gravely continued; "stern reality tells me to go directly up to Madison Street, find Mr. Miner, give him those twenty dollars, take a receipt, and then go home and read and sing to my mother."

Hurriedly Eva passed from her house along the narrow streets diverging into pleasant width and palace-lined splendor. The houses of greatness and wealth glittered in their marble beauty under the golden sunlight. Up broad steps, through portals carved and shining, passed the timid steps of Eva Sterne.

At first the pompous servant smiled contemptuous denial; but after a moment, perhaps softened by her childish simplicity and winning blue eyes, he deemed it best not to deny her urgency—and she entered this palace of a rich man's home.

Softly her feet sank in the luxurious hall carpet. Statuary in bronze and marble lined all the way to the staircase. The splendor of the room into which she was ushered seemed to her inexperienced sight too beautiful for actual use, and he who came in, with his kindly glance and handsome face, was the noblest perfection of manhood she had ever seen.

"Well, young lady," he said, blandly smiling, "to whom am I indebted for this pleasure?"

"My father, sir, died in your debt," said Eva, blushing, speaking very softly. "By the strictest economy and very hard work, we, my mother and I, have been able to pay all his creditors but yourself. If you will be kind enough to receive the balance of your account in small sums—I am sorry they must be small, sir—we can, in the course of a few years, liquidate the debt, and then—we shall have fulfilled my father's dying wish, that every stain might be wiped from his honor." She paused a moment, and said again falteringly, "My father was very unfortunate, sir, and broken in health for many years; but, sir, he would have paid the last cent if it had left him a beggar."

Mr. Miner sat awhile thoughtfully, his dark eye fastened upon the gentle face before him. After a moment of silence, he raised his head, threw back the mass of curling hair that shadowed his handsome brow, and said,

"I remember your father well; I regretted his death. He was a fine fellow—a fine fellow," he added, musingly; "but my dear young lady have you the means—do you not embarrass yourself by making these payments?"

Eva blushed again, and looking up ingeniously replied,

"I am obliged to work, sir; but no labor would be too arduous that might save the memory of such a father from disgrace."

This she spoke with deep emotion. The rich man turned with a choking in his throat, and tears glistened on his lashes. Eva timidly held out the two gold pieces: he took them; and bidding her stay a moment, hastily left the room.

Almost instantly returning, he handed her a sealed note saying,

"There is the receipt, young lady, and allow me to add, that the mother of such a child must be a happy woman. The whole debt, I find, is $975. You will see by my note what arrangements I have made, and I hope they will be satisfactory.

Eva left him with a lighter heart, and a burning cheek at his praise. His manner was so gentle, so fatherly, that she felt he would not impose hard conditions, and it would be a pleasure to pay one so kind and forbearing.

At last she got home, and breathlessly sitting at her mother's feet, she opened the letter. Wonder of wonders—a bank note inclosed. She held it without speaking or looking at its value.

"Read it," she said, after a moment's bewilderment, placing the letter in her mother's hand—"here are fifty dollars; what can it mean?"

"This," said the sick woman, bursting into tears, "'tis a receipt in full, releasing you from the payment of your father's debt. Kind, generous man—Heaven will bless him, God will shower mercies upon him. From a grateful heart I call upon the Father to reward him for this act of kindness. Oh! what shall we say, what shall we do to thank him!"

"Mother," said Eva, smiling through her tears, "I felt as if he were an angel of goodness. Oh! they do wrong who say that all who are wealthy have hard hearts. Mother, can it be possible we are so rich? I wish he knew how happy he has made us, how much we will love and reverence him whenever we think or speak of him, or even hear him spoken of."

"He has bound two hearts to him forever," murmured the mother.

"Yes, dear Mr. Miner! little he thought how many comforts we wanted. Now we need not stint the fire; we may buy coal, and have a cheerful blaze, please God. And the tea, the strip of carpet, the sugar, the little luxuries for you, dear mother; and the time, and a very few books for myself. I declare, I'm so thankful, I feel as if I ought to go right back and tell him that we shall love him as long as we live."

That evening the grate, heaped with Lehigh, gave the little room an air of ruddy comfort. Eva sat near, her curls bound softly back from her pure forehead, inditing a touching letter to their benefactor. Her mother's face, lighted with the loss of cankering care, shone with a placid smile, and her every thought was a prayer calling down blessings upon the rich good man.

In another room, far different from the widow's home, but also bright with the blaze of a genial fire, whose red light made richer the polish of costly furniture, sat the noble merchant.

"Pa, what makes you look so happy?" asked Lina, a beautiful girl, passing her smooth hand over his brow.

"Do I look happy, Lina?"

"Yes, and you keep shutting your eyes and smiling—so," and her bright face reflected his own. "I think you've had something very nice to-day; what was it?"

"Does my little daughter really want to know what has made her father so happy? Here is my Bible; let her turn to Acts xx. 35, and read it carefully."

The beautiful child turned reverently the pages of the holy book, and as she read she looked up into her father's eyes:

"And to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Ah! I knew," she said, laying her rosy cheek upon his hand; "you have been giving something to some poor beggar, as you did last week, and he thanked you, and said 'God bless you,' and that is what makes you so happy."

Lina read a confirmation in her father's smile; but he said nothing, only kept repeating to himself the words of the Lord Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

THE NEAPOLITAN WOMEN.

A carriage in the streets, a box at San Carlos, are the two things which every lady must have in Naples, and which are enough to make her perfectly happy. How some of the ladies get their fine clothes and their tickets, and carriages for the theatre, with their small incomes, would frequently be a mystery, were it not well known that husbands permit their wives to accept such indulgences from their male acquaintance, or lovers, when they are either unwilling or unable to pay for them themselves. When a girl is not married at thirteen or fourteen years of age, which now happens less frequently than formerly, she rarely fails to have a lover, when, in Northern countries, she would be considered still a child; and the tender interest of such a connexion entirely engrosses her young mind, and all thought of further education is at an end, at the very time when its influence is most required. After marriage, no idea of rendering home comfortable or agreeable to their husbands ever enters the minds of the women; they seem rarely to have a sense that any duties are attached to the union they have formed. Utterly ignorant of domestic concerns, as well as of the affairs of life, the young wife too often finds that her influence over the affections of her husband is of short duration. It rarely survives the birth of her first child. Neglected and betrayed, and without principles to direct her course, or check the fiery passions of her nature, it can scarcely be wondered at, that a young creature, under such circumstances, listens to the advances of the first lover that pleases her fancy; and the solid happiness of her life is destroyed for ever. Her mind, engrossed by passion, her children, if she has the misfortune to have a family, are neglected and left to the care of some wretched servant, who, the confidante of her mistress's shame, however abandoned or dishonest she may be, can neither be reproved nor dismissed; the household falls into disorder, and by degrees, the woman thus lost advances in years, she becomes callous to the stings of conscience, or the language of reproach, and pursues her course without scruple or shame.

From the cradle to the grave, the Neapolitan women may be said to think of no to-morrow. The pleasure of the day, and the gratification of some momentary passion, are their sole pursuits. Their modes of thinking are totally different from the virtuous females of Northern countries; and yielding to the influence of every transitory impulse, which with them is a passion, they are utterly ignorant of all those feelings of delicacy and scruples of innocence and shame, which spring from righteous principles and native modesty. Even the chaste are without those sentiments of truth and dignified virtue which awaken respect. The injured wife will breathe her sorrows to her washerwoman or her cook, with the same trusting confidence that she relates them to her friends; for though their position may be different, education has made little distinction between her and her menials. Though decked in fine clothes, and able, perhaps, to sing or play, it is too often the case that she remains as essentially vulgar in mind and conduct as the washerwoman she chooses as her confidante. Divorce being impossible, husbands, to save their own honor, are externally polite; and with such a sanction, society receives the most corrupted women, without questioning the character of her who has not too openly infringed its laws. Thus vice glides on unpunished and unshrinking to old age, when—if remorse is at length awakened by superstition—it benefits no other human being but the priests, from whom it seeks to purchase consolation and absolution.

EAST INDIAN JUGGLERY.—Madam Pfeiffer, in her "Second Journey Round the World," gives the following description of certain unexplainable feats of jugglery witnessed by her whilst she was sojourning in the East Indies:—"At the close of the entertainment, the performance of Hercules was really curious in its way. He appeared with nothing on but a pair of drawers, and a cord was passed around his neck, and with this his hands and arms were so firmly tied behind him that he could not make the smallest movement. He came to us to have the knots examined, and then he crept under a high covered basket, beneath which various garments were placed; and after the lapse of a few minutes the basket was lifted up, and the Hercules made his appearance completely clothed in them. Then he crept again under the basket, and came out without them, but holding the cord with all its knots firmly in his hands, and so forth. All this would, of course, have been nothing in a theatre, where assistance might have been given him, but this was in a meadow, where no assistance was possible. One of the gentlemen present offered him twenty five rupees for his mystery but he declined the offer."

DEATH.—Chaucer's picture of him, as an old man meeting the three brothers who, in their madness, have gone forth to seek and kill Death, and who sends them on errands which end in the death of all three ("they bear no more of him, but it is Death they have encountered"), is the most powerful of all.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

THE BIRTH OF THE YEAR.

BY FREDERICK TENNYSON.

Let us speak low, the infant is asleep.
The frosty hills grow sharp, the day is near,
And Phosphor with his taper comes to peep
Into the cradle of the new-born year;
Hush! the infant is asleep:
Monarch of the Day and Night,
Whisper, yet it is not light,
The infant is asleep.

Those arms shall crush great serpents ere to-morrow,
His closed eye shall wake to laugh and weep;
His lips shall curl with mirth, and writhe with sorrow,
And charm up Truth and Beauty from the deep:
Softly—softly, let us keep
Our vigils; visions cross his rest,
Prophetic pulses stir his breast,
Although he be asleep.

Now, Life and Death arm'd in his presence wait,
Genii with lamps are standing at the door;
Oh! he shall sing sweet songs, he shall relate
Wonder, and glory, and hopes untold before
Murmur memories that may creep
Into his ears, of old sublime;
Let the youngest born of Time
Hear music in his sleep.

Quickly he shall awake, the East is bright,
And the hot glow of the uprisen sun
Hath kissed his brow with promise of its light.
His cheek is red with victory to be won.
Quickly shall our King awake,
Strong as giants, and arise:
Sager than the old and wise
The infant shall awake.

His childhood shall be froward, wild, and thwart;
His gladness fitful, and his anger blind;
But tender spirits shall o'ertake his heart—
Sweet tears and golden moments, bland and kind!
He shall give delight and take,
Charm, enchant, dismay, and soothe;
Raise the dead, and touch with youth;
Oh! sing that he may wake!

Where is the sword to gird upon his thigh?
Where is his armor, and his laurel crown?
For he shall be a conqueror ere he die,
And win him kingdoms wider than his own;
Like the earthquake he shall shake
Cities down, and waste like fire;
Then build them stronger, pile them higher,
When he shall awake.

In the dark spheres of his unclosed eyes
The shouted lightnings lie, and clouded stars,
That shall glance softly, as in summer skies,
Or stream o'er thirsty deserts, winged with wars:
For in the pauses of dread hours
He shall fling his armor off,
And like a reveller sing and laugh,
And dance in ladies' bowers.

Oftimes in his Midsummer he shall turn
To look on the dead blooms with weeping eyes:
O'er ashes of frail beauty stand and mourn,
And kiss the bier of stricken Hope with sighs.
Oftimes like light of onward seas,
He shall hail great days to come,
Or hear the first dread note of doom,
Like torrents on the breeze.

His manhood shall be blissful and sublime,
With stormy sorrows, and severest pleasures,
And his crown'd age upon the top of Time
Shall charge him great in glories, rich in treasures.
The sun is up, the day is breaking,
Sing ye sweetly, draw anear,
Immortal be the new-born year,
And blessed be its waking.

Pictures of Life.

A LOW MARRIAGE.

BY MISS DINAH MARIA MULOCK,
AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," ETC.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

For an hour she lay on the schoolhouse floor, quite rigid. We thought she would never wake again. When she did, and we slowly made her understand that things were not as she feared, she seemed hardly able to take in the consolation.

"My bonnet, Martha, my bonnet. I must go to him." But she could not even stand.

I sent for my father. He came, bringing with him Dr. Hall, who had just left Mr. Rochdale.

Our doctor was a good man, whom every body trusted. At sight of him, Mrs. Rochdale sat up and listened—we all listened; no attempt at cold or polite disguises now—to his account of the accident. It was a simple fracture, curable by a few weeks of perfect quiet and care.

"Above all, my dear madam, *quiet*,"—for the doctor had seen Mrs. Rochdale's nervous fastening of her cloak, and her quick glance at the door. "I would not answer for the results of even ten minutes' mental agitation."

Mrs. Rochdale comprehended. A spasm, sharp and keen, crossed the unhappy mother's face. With a momentary pride she drew back.

"I assure you, Dr. Hall, I had no—that is, I have already changed my intention."

Then she leaned back, closed her eyes and her quivering mouth—fast—fast!—folded quietly her useless hands; and seemed as if trying to commit her son, patiently and unrepining, into the care of the only Healer,—He "who woundeth, and His hands make whole."

At last she asked suddenly, "Who is with him?"

"His wife," said Dr. Hall, without hesitation. "She is a good tender nurse; and he is fond of her."

Mrs. Rochdale was silent.

Shortly afterwards she went home in Dr. Hall's carriage; and by her own wish I left her there alone.

After that, I saw her twice a-day for five days—bringing regular information from my father of Mr. Rochdale, and hearing the further report, never missed, which came through Dr. Hall. It was almost always favorable; yet the agony of that "almost" seemed to stretch the mother's powers of endurance to their utmost limit—at times her face, in its stolid fixed quietness, had an expression half-insane.

Late in the afternoon of the sixth day—it was a rainy December Sunday, when scarcely any one thought of stirring out but me—I was just considering whether it was not time to go to Mrs. Rochdale's, when some person, hooded and cloaked, came up the path to our door. It was herself.

"Martha, I want you. No; I'll not come in."

Yet she leaned a minute against the dripping veranda, pale and breathless.

"Are you afraid of taking a walk with me—a long walk? No? Then put on your shawl and come."

Though this was all she said, and I made no attempt to question her further, still I knew as well as if she had told me where she was going. We went through miry lanes, and soaking woods where the pheasants started, whirring up, across sunk fences, and under gloomy fir plantations, till at last we came out opposite the manor-house. It looked just the same as in old times, save that there were no peacocks on the terrace, and the swans now never came near the house—no one fed or noticed them.

"Martha, do you see that light in my window? my poor boy!"

She gasped, struggled for breath, leaned on my arm a minute, and then went steadily up, and rang the hall-bell.

"I believe there is a new servant; he may not know you, Mrs. Rochdale," I said, to prepare her.

But she needed no preparation. She asked in the quietest way—as if paying an ordinary call—for "Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale."

"Mistress is gone to lie down, ma'am. Master was worse, and she was up all night with him. But he is better again to day, thank the Lord?"

The man seemed really affected, as though both "master" and "mistress" were served with truer than lip service.

"I will wait to see Mrs. Lemuel," said Mrs. Rochdale, walking right into the library.

The man followed, asking respectfully what name he should say.

"Merely a lady."

We waited about a quarter of an hour. Then Mrs. Lemuel appeared—somewhat fluttered, looking, in spite of her handsome dress, a great deal shyer and more modest than the girl Nancy Hine.

"I beg pardon, ma'am, for keeping you waiting; I was with my husband. Perhaps you're a stranger, and don't know how ill he has been. I beg your pardon."

Mrs. Rochdale put back her veil, and Mrs. Lemuel seemed as if, in common phrase, she could have "dropped through the floor."

"I dare say you are surprised to see me here," the elder lady began; "still, you will well imagine, a mother—" She broke down. It was some moments before she could command herself to say, in broken accents, "I want to see—my son."

"That you shall, with pleasure, Mrs. Rochdale," said Nancy, earnestly. "I thought once of sending for you; but—"

The other made some gesture to indicate that she was not equal to conversation, and hastily moved up stairs—Nancy following. At the chamber door, however, Nancy interrupted her—

"Stop one minute, please. He has been so very ill; do let me tell him first, just to prepare—"

"He is my son—my own son. You need not be afraid," said Mrs. Rochdale, in tones of which I know not whether bitterness or keen anguish was uppermost. She pushed by the wife, and went in.

We heard a faint cry, "Oh, mother, my dear mother," and a loud sob—that was all.

Mrs. Lemuel shut the door, and sat down on the floor outside, in tears. I forgot she had been Nancy Hine, and wept with her.

It was a long time before Mrs. Rochdale came out of her son's room. No one interrupted them, not even the wife. Mrs. Lemuel kept restlessly moving about the house—sometimes sitting down to talk familiarly with me, then recollecting herself and resuming her dignity. She was much improved. Her manners and her mode of speaking had become more refined. It was evident too, that her mind had been a good deal cultivated, and that report had not lied when it avouched, sarcastically, that the squire had left off educating his dogs, and taken to educating his wife. If so, she certainly did her master credit. But Nancy Hine was always considered a "bright" girl.

Awkward she was still—large and *gauche* and underbred—wanting in that simple self-possession which needs no advantage of dress or formality of manner to confirm the obvious fact of innate "ladyhood." But there was nothing coarse or repulsive about her—nothing that would strike one as springing from that internal and ineradicable "vulgarity," which, being in the nature as much as in the bringing-up, no education or external refinement of manner can ever wholly conceal.

I have seen more than one "lady," of undeniable birth and rearing, who was a great deal more "vulgar" than Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale.

We were sitting by the dining-room fire. Servants came, doing the day's mechanical service, and brought in the tray.

Mrs. Lemuel began to fidget about.

"Do you think, Miss Martha, she will stay and take some supper? Would she like to remain the night here? Ought I not to order a room to be got ready?"

But I could not answer for any of Mrs. Rochdale's movements.

In process of time she came down, looking calm and happy—oh, inconceivably happy!—scarcely happier, I doubt, even when, twenty-seven years ago, she had received her new-born son into her bosom—her son, now born again to her in reconciliation and love. She even said, with a gentle smile, to her son's wife:

"I think he wants you. Suppose you were to go up stairs?"

Nancy fled like lightning.

"He says," murmured Mrs. Rochdale, looking at the fire, "that she has been a good wife to him."

"She is much improved in many ways."

"Most likely. My son's wife could not fail of that," returned Mrs. Rochdale, with a certain air that forbade all further criticism on Nancy. She evidently was to be viewed entirely as "my son's wife."

Mrs. Lemuel returned. She looked as if she had been crying. Her manner towards her mother-in-law was a mixture of gratitude and pleasure.

"My husband says, since you will not stay the night, he hopes you will take supper here, and return in the carriage."

"Thank you; certainly."

And Mrs. Rochdale sat down—unwittingly, perhaps—in her own familiar chair, by the bright hearth. Several times she sighed; but the happy look never altered. And now, wholly and forever, passed away that sorrowful look of seeking for something never found. It was found.

I think a mother, entirely and eternally sure of her son's perfect reverence and love, need not be jealous of any other lover, not even for a wife. There is, in every good man's heart, a sublime strength and purity of attachment, which he never does feel, never can feel, for any woman on earth except his mother.

Supper was served; Mrs. Lemuel half-advanced to her usual place, then drew back, with a deprecating glance.

But Mrs. Rochdale quietly seated herself in the guest's seat at the side, leaving her son's wife to take the position of mistress and hostess at the head of the board.

Perhaps it was only I who felt a choking pang of regret and humiliation at seeing my dear, nay, noble Mrs. Rochdale, sitting at the same table with Nancy Hine.

After that Sunday, the mother went every day to see her son. This event was the talk of the whole village: some worthy souls were glad; but I think the generality were rather shocked at the reconciliation. They "always thought Mrs. Rochdale had more spirit;" "wondered she could have let herself down." "But of course it was only on account of his illness." "She might choose to be 'on terms' with her son, but it was quite impossible she could ever take up with Nancy Hine."

In that last sentiment I agreed. But then the gossips did not know that there was a great and a daily-increasing difference between Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale and "Nancy Hine."

I have stated my creed, as it was Mrs. Rochdale's, that lowness of birth does not necessarily constitute a low marriage. Also, that popular opinion was rather unjust to the baker's daughter. Doubtless she was a clever, ambitious girl, anxious to raise herself, and glad enough to do so by marrying the squire. But I believe that she was a virtuous and not unscrupulous girl, and I firmly believe she loved him. Once married, she tried to raise herself so as to be worthy of her station; to keep and to deserve her husband's affection. That which would have made a woman of meaner nature insufferably proud, only made Nancy humble. Not that she abated one jot of her self-respect—for she was a high-spirited creature—but she had sense enough to see that the truest self-respect lies, not in exacting honor which is undeserved, but in striving to attain that worth which receives honor and observance as its rightful due.

From this quality in her probably grew the undoubted fact of her great influence over her husband. Also because, to tell the truth—(I would not for worlds Mrs. Rochdale should read this page)—Nancy was of a stronger nature than he, who was mild-tempered, lazy and kind, and it was easier to him to be ruled than to rule, provided he knew nothing about it. This was why the gentle Celandine could not retain the love which Daniel Hine's energetic daughter won and was never likely to lose.

Mrs. Rochdale said to me, when for some weeks she had observed narrowly the ways of her son's household, "I think he is not unhappy. It might have been worse."

Thenceforward the gentry around Thorpe were shocked and "really quite amazed" every week of their lives. First, that poor Mr. Rochdale, looking very ill, but thoroughly content, was seen driving out with his mother by his side, and his wife, in her most objectionable and tasteless bonnet, sitting opposite. Second, that the two ladies, elder and younger, were several times seen driving out together,—only they two, alone! Thorpe could scarcely believe this, even on the evidence of its own eyes. Thirdly, that on Christmas Day Mrs. Rochdale was observed in her old place in the manor-house pew; and when her son and his wife came in, she actually smiled!

After that every body gave up the relenting mother-in-law as a lost woman!

Three months slipped away. It was the season when most of our county families were in town. When they gradually returned, the astounding truth was revealed concerning Mrs. Rochdale and her son. Some were greatly scandalised, some pitied the weakness of mothers, but thought that as she was now growing old, forgiveness was excusable.

"But of course she can never expect us to visit Mrs. Lemuel?"

"I am afraid not," was the rector's wife's mild remark. "Mrs. Rochdale is unlike most ladies; she is not only a gentlewoman, but a Christian."

Yet it was observable that the tide of feeling against the squire's "low" wife ebbed day by day. First, some kindly stranger noticed publicly that she was "extremely good-looking;" to confirm which, by some lucky chance, poor Nancy grew much thinner, probably with the daily walks to and from Mrs. Rochdale's residence. Wild reports flew abroad that the squire's mother, without doubt one of the most accomplished and well-read women of her generation, was actually engaged in "improving the mind of her daughter-in-law!"

That some strong influence was at work became evident in the daily change creeping over Mrs. Lemuel. Her manners grew quieter, gentler; her voice took a softer tone; even her attire, down, or rather up, to the much-abused bonnets, was subdued to colors suitable for her large and showy person. One day a second stranger actually asked "who was that *distingue* looking woman?" and was coughed down. But the effect of the comment remained.

Gradually the point at issue slightly changed, and the question became:

"I wonder whether Mrs. Rochdale expects us to visit Mrs. Lemuel?"

But Mrs. Rochdale, though of course she knew all about it,—for every body knew every thing in our village,—never vouchsafed the slightest hint one way or other as to her expectations.

ALFRED TENNYSON, THE POET.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

Nevertheless the difficulty increased daily, especially as the squire's mother had been long the object of universal respect and attention from her neighbors. The question, "To visit or not to visit?" was mooted and canvassed far and wide. Mrs. Rochdale's example was strong; yet the "county people" had the prejudices of their class, and most of them had warmly regarded poor Celandine Childe.

I have hitherto not said a word of Miss Childe. She was still abroad. But though Mrs. Rochdale rarely alluded to her, I often noticed how her eyes would brighten at sight of letters in the delicate handwriting I knew so well. The strong attachment between these two nothing had power to break.

One day she sat poring long over one of Celandine's letters, and many times took off her glasses—alas! as I said, Mrs. Rochdale was an old lady now—to wipe the dews from them. At length she called, in a clear voice, "Martha!" and I found her standing by the mirror smiling. "Martha, I am going to a wedding!"

"Indeed! Whose, madam?"

"Miss Childe's. She is to be married next week."

"To whom?" I cried, in unfeigned astonishment.

"Do you remember Mr. Sinclair?"

"I did. He was the rector of Ashen Dale. One of the many suitors whom, years ago, popular report had given to Miss Childe."

"Was that really the case, Mrs. Rochdale?"

"Yes. Afterwards he became, and has been ever since, her truest, tenderest, most faithful *friend*. Now—"

Mrs. Rochdale sat down, still smiling, but sighing also. I, too, felt a certain pang, for which I blamed myself the moment after, to think that love can ever die and be buried. Yet surely the Maker of the human heart knows it best. One thing I know, and perhaps it would account for a great deal, that the Lemuel of Celandine's love was not, never had been, the real Lemuel Rochdale. Still—

Something in my looks betrayed me; for Mrs. Rochdale, turning round, said, decisively:

"Martha, I am very glad of this marriage, deeply and entirely glad. She will be happy—my poor Celandine!"

And happy she always has been, I believe.

After Mrs. Rochdale's return from the wedding, she one day sent for me.

"Martha,"—and an amused smile about her mouth reminded me of our lady of the manor in her young days—"I am going to astonish the village. I intend giving a dinner-party. Will you write the invitations?"

They were, without exception, to the "best" families of our neighborhood. Literally *the best*—the worthiest; people, like Mrs. Rochdale herself, to whom "position" was a mere clothing, used or not used, never concealing, or meant to conceal, the honest form beneath, the common humanity that we all owe alike to father Adam and mother Eve. People who had no need to stickle for the rank that was their birthright, the honor that was their due; whose blood was so thoroughly "gentle," that it inclined them to gentle manners and gentle deeds. Of such—and there are not a few throughout our English land—of such are the true aristocracy.

All Thorpe was on the *qui vive* respecting this wonderful dinner-party, for hitherto—gossip said because she could of course have no gentleman at the head of her table—Mrs. Rochdale had abstained from anything of the kind. Now, would her son really take his rightful place at the entertainment? and if so, what was to be done with his wife? Could our "best" families, much as they esteemed Mrs. Rochdale, ever under any possible circumstances be expected to meet the former Nancy Hine?

I need not say how the whole question served for a week's wonder; and how everybody knew every other body's thoughts and intentions a great deal better than "other bodies" themselves. Half the village was out at door or window, when, on this memorable afternoon, the several carriages were seen driving up to Mrs. Rochdale's house.

Within, we were quiet enough. She had few preparations—she always lived in simple elegance. Even on this grand occasion she only gave what cheer her means could afford—nothing more.—Show was needless, for every guest was not a mere acquaintance, but a friend.

Dressed richly, and with special care,—how well I remembered, that is, if I had dared to remember, another similar toilette!—Mrs. Rochdale sat in her chamber. Not until the visitors were all assembled, did she descend to the drawing-room.

Entering there—she did not enter alone; on her arm was a lady, about thirty; large and handsome in figure; plainly, but most becomingly attired; a lady to whose manners or appearance none could have taken the slightest exception, and on whom any stranger's most likely comment would have been—"What a fine-looking woman! but so quiet!"

This lady Mrs. Rochdale at once presented to the guests, with a simple, unimpressive quietness, which was the most impressive effect she could have made—

"My daughter, Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale."

In a week "every body" visited at the manor-house.

* * * * * * * * *

Perhaps I ought to end this history by describing the elder and younger Mrs. Rochdale as henceforward united in the closest sympathy and tenderest affection. It was not so; it would have been unnatural, nay, impossible. The difference of education, habits, character, was too great ever to be wholly removed. But the mother and daughter-in law maintain a sociable intercourse, even a certain amount of kindly regard, based on one safe point of union, where the strongest attachment of both converges and mingles. Perhaps, as those blest with superabundance of faithful love often end by deserving it, Mr. Rochdale may grow worthy, not only of his wife, but of his mother, in time.

Mrs. Rochdale is quite an old lady now. You rarely meet her beyond the lane where her small house stands; which she occupies still, and obstinately refuses to leave. But, meeting her, you could not help turning back for another glance at her slow, stately walk, and her ineffably beautiful smile. A smile which, to a certainty, would rest on the gentleman upon whose arm she always leans, and whose horse is seen daily at her gate, with a persistency equal to that of a young man going a-courting. For people say in our village that the squire, with all his known affection for his good wife, is as attentive as any lover to his beloved old mother, who has been such a devoted mother to him.

One want exists at the manor-house—there are no children. For some things this is as well; and yet I know not. However, so it is; and since it is, it must be right to be. When this generation dies out, probably the next will altogether have forgotten the fact that the last Mr. Rochdale made what society ignominiously terms "A Low Marriage."

A PEEP INTO THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

The Bank of England must be seen on the inside as well as out, and to get into the interior of this remarkable building, to observe the operations of an institution that exerts more moral and political power than any sovereign in Europe, you must have an order from the Governor of the Bank. The building occupies an irregular area of eight acres of ground—an edifice of no architectural beauty, with not one window toward the street, being lighted altogether from the roof of the enclosed areas.

I was led, on presenting my card of admission, into a private room, where, after a delay of a few moments, a messenger came and conducted me through the mighty and mysterious building. Down we went into a room where the notes of the Bank received the day before were now examined, compared with the entries in the books, and stored away. The Bank of England never issues the same note a second time. It receives, in the ordinary course of business, about £800,000, or $4,000,000, daily in notes; these are put up into parcels according to their denomination, boxed up with the date of their reception, and are kept ten years; at the expiration of which period they are taken out and ground up in the mill which I saw running, and made again into paper. If, in the course of those ten years, any dispute in business, or law suit, should arise concerning the payment of any note, the Bank can produce the identical bill.

To meet the demand for notes so constantly used up, the Bank has its own papermakers, its own printers, its own engravers, all at work under the same roof, and it even makes the machinery by which the most of its own work is done. A complicated but beautiful operation is a register, extending from the printing office to the banking offices, which marks every sheet of paper that is struck off from the press, so that the printers cannot manufacture a single sheet of blank notes that is not recorded in the bank.

On the same principle of exactness, a shaft is made to pass from one apartment to another, connecting a clock in sixteen business wings of the establishment, and regulating them with such precision that the whole of them are always pointing to the same second of time. In another room was a machine, exceedingly simple, for detecting *light* gold coins. A row of them dropped one by one upon a spring scale. If the piece of gold was of the standard weight, the scale rose to a certain height, and the coin slid off upon the side of the box; if less than the standard, it rose a little higher and the coin slid off upon the other side. I asked the weigher what was the average number of light coins that came into his hands, and, strangely enough, he said it was a question he was not allowed to answer!

The next room I entered was that in which the notes are deposited which are ready for issue. "We have thirty-two millions of pounds sterling in this room," the officer remarked to me; "will you take a little of it?" I told him it would be vastly agreeable, and he handed me a million sterling (five millions of dollars), which I received with many thanks for his liberality, but he insisted on my depositing it with him again, as it would be hardly safe to carry so much money into the street. I very much fear that I shall never see that money again. In the vault beneath the door was a director and the cashier counting the bags of gold, which men were pitching down to them, each bag containing a thousand pounds sterling, just from the mint. This world of money seemed to realise the fables of Eastern wealth, and gave me new and strong impressions of the magnitude of the business done here, and the extent of the relations of this one institution to the commerce of the world.

THE RUSSIAN BED-BUGS.—According to his story, he purchased a certain powder, which was sovereign in such cases, with which he nightly drew a line of circumvallation round his bed, and for two nights had a mischievous pleasure in watching the enemy coming up in platoons to the edge of the magic circle, but retiring precipitately the moment they smelt the deadly drug. On the third, however, what was his horror to see one little Cossack, more agile or more sagacious than the rest, clear his vaunted entrenchment at a bound, when, lo! the "whole camp, pioneers and all," followed, and our friend had nothing left to do but gather his blanket about his head, after the manner of Cæsar, and submit with resignation to his fate.—*Murphy's Russia.*

SHOWERS OF FISH.

On the night of the 19th and 20th of June, 1698, when the summit of a volcano north of Chimborazo, on the Andes, fell in, the surrounding country, to an extent of forty-three square miles, was found strewed with fish; a similar event having occurred seven years before, after the explosion of the volcano of Imbabara. In 1666, a grass-field, in the parish of Stanstead, near Maidstone, in Kent, was found covered over with fish, of which about a bushel were collected. There are no rivers or fish-ponds in the neighborhood, and the place is distant from the sea. The fish were about the size of a man's little finger, were like sprats or whitings, and were supposed to have fallen from a black cloud then passing over the country, there having been a heavy fall of rain at the time. In 1825, a shower of herrings is said to have taken place near Loch Leven, in Kinross-shire; the wind blew from the Forth at the time, and probably carried the fish from the sea across Fife to the place where they were found. In 1828 a similar fall of fish occurred in Ross-shire, three miles from the Firth of Tain. On the 9th of March, 1830, numbers of small herrings were found scattered over the fields in the island of Ulva, in Argyleshire, after a heavy rain. On the 30th of June, 1841, a fish measuring ten inches in length, with others of a smaller size, fell at Boston (Eng.); and during a thunder-storm, on the 8th of July, in the same year, fish and ice fell together at Derby. A similar occurrence once happened in the neighborhood of Paris, when, after a violent storm over night, the streets were at dawn covered with fish. It was found that a fish-pond in the neighborhood had been blown dry. About 1830, fish fell near Dunkeld, in Perthshire; and the same thing happened some way from Logierait, on the Tay, where numbers of parr, about two inches long, were picked up on an elevated spot, distant from any lake or river.—The falls of fish recorded as having occurred in India, have been more frequent and remarkable than those made mention of at home. Major Herriot, in his "Struggles through Life," speaks of a shower of fish as having been experienced during a storm in the Madras presidency by the troops on their march. In July, 1824, fish fell at Meerut, on the men of His Majesty's 14th, then out at drill, and were caught in numbers. In July, 1826, live fish were seen to fall on the grass, at Moradabad, during a storm.—They were of the common cyprinus, so prevalent in our Indian waters. On the 19th of February, 1830, at noon, a heavy fall of fish occurred at the Nokulhatty Factory, in the Dacca zillah; depositions on the subject were obtained from nine different parties. The fish were all dead; most of them were large; some were fresh, others rotten and mutilated. They were seen at first in the sky, like a flock of birds descending rapidly to the ground. There was rain drizzling at the time, but no storm. On the 16th and 17th of May, 1833, a fall of fish occurred in the zillah of Futtehpoor, about three miles north of the Jumna, after a violent storm of wind and rain. The fish were from three pounds to a pound and a half in weight—of the same species as those found in the tanks in the neighborhood. They were all dead and dry. A fall of fish occurred at Allahabad, during a storm, in May, 1835; they were of the chowla species; and were found dead and dry after the storm had passed over the district. On the 20th of September, 1839, after a smart shower of rain, a quantity of live fish, about three inches in length, and all of the same kind, fell on the Sunderbunds, about twenty miles south of Calcutta. On this occasion it was remarked that the fish did not fall here and there irregularly over the ground, but in a continuous straight line, not more than a span in breadth. The vast multitudes of fish with which the low grounds round Bombay are covered, about a week or ten days after the first burst of the monsoon, appear to be derived from the adjoining pools or rivulets, and not to descend from the sky. They are not, as far as I know, found in the higher parts of the island. I have never seen them, though I have watched carefully in casks for collecting water from the roofs of buildings, or heard of them on the decks or awnings of vessels in the harbor, where they must have appeared, had they descended from the sky. One of the most remarkable phenomena of this kind occurred during a tremendous deluge of rain, in Kattywar, on the 25th of July, 1850, when the ground around Rajkote was found literally covered with fish; some of them were found on the top of haystacks, where probably they had been drifted by the storm. In the course of twenty-four successive hours, twenty-seven inches of rain fell; thirty-five fell in twenty-six hours; seven inches within one hour and a half being the heaviest fall on record. At Poonah, on the 3d of August, 1852, after a very heavy fall of rain multitudes of fish were caught on the ground in the cantonments, full half a mile from the nearest stream. If showers of fish are to be explained on the assumption that they are carried up by squalls or violent winds, from rivers or spaces of water not far away from where they fall, it would be nothing wonderful were they seen to descend from the air during the furious squalls which occasionally occur in June.—*Doctor Buist, in Bombay Times.*

THE ORIGIN OF PANTALOONS.—This tight fitting garment was once part of the official costume of the great standard-bearer of the Venetian Republic. He carried on his banner the lion of St. Mark, and he was the *Piantaleone*, or Planter of the Lion, around whose glorious flag and tightly encased legs the battle ever raged with greatest fury, and where victory was most hotly contended for. The parti-colored legs of the tall Piantaleone were the rallying points of the Venetians. Where *his* thighs were upright, the banner was sure to be floating in defiance or triumph over them; and Venice may be said to have stood upon the legs of her Pantaloons. He who once saved States was subsequently represented as the most thoroughly battered imbecile of a pantomime. But therein was a political revenge. Harlequin, Clown, and Columbine, represented different States of Italy, whose delight it was to pillory Venice by beating her nightly under the guise of the old buffoon, "Signor Pantaloon." The dress has survived the memory of this fact, though the dress, too, is almost obsolete.—*Habits and Men.*

HOW TO FRIGHTEN DOGS.—With reference to the device adopted by Ulysses to frighten the dogs of Ithaca, and which is said to be still in use in Greece and Albania, I may state that I have seen a Malay at Singapore squat down with his back towards a strange dog, and look at him from between his legs. In this instance the experiment proved successful, as the brute scampered off in a fright, looking back now and then to see what sort of a monster it was which carried his head in that unwonted place. But I have heard that once a Malay, playing the trick before an English bull-dog, was seized hold of in that part of him which was presented conspicuously to "bully."—*Notes and Queries.*

NEWS ITEMS.

SHAKESPEARE scholars and critics will learn with pleasure (says the Athenæum) that a few sparkles of light are thrown upon the family and connexions of the poet by Mr. Lemon's volume of "Calendars of the State Papers," which is now on the eve of publication. By itself the new information does not amount to a very great deal, but it is by putting together the disjointed fragments turned up by the labors of antiquaries that we grow at length into a kind of knowledge of the home in which the poet was born, and of the men amongst whom he grew up.

AT Preston, Minnesota, on the 14th ultimo, there was snow on the ground to the depth of three feet, and the mercury in the thermometer indicated thirty-two degrees below zero.

SUFFRAGE AT THE SOUTH.—A bill has passed the Legislature of South Carolina to amend the State Constitution, so as to require of every naturalized citizen two years' residence in the State after being naturalized, as a condition precedent to the exercise of the right of suffrage. The object of this move is to prevent election frauds.

MR. MCCONNELL, of Sangamon county, Ill., is the owner of 21,000 sheep, all of the choicest merinos. That is probably the largest flock in the United States owned by one man.

MONSTER SCHEME.—It is said that the French Government is preparing a gigantic scheme of a socialist character—namely, taking the business of insurance in its own hands, (recompensing, of course, the existing offices, which would be abolished,) and making insurance compulsory on all Frenchmen and all residents in France. By so doing, it would, it calculates, gain a large accession to public revenue, and at the same time, be able to make compensation to all sufferers whatever from fire, hail, lightning, inundations, &c.

RIDICULOUS EXTRAVAGANCE.—A ladies' hairdresser in New York informs his patrons that owing to his present style of dressing ladies' hair, the charge will be two dollars each time during the season, after the first of January, 1857. Brides in the fashion of Louis XIV., XV., &c., as heretofore, five dollars.

THREE hundred tons of tobacco were raised during the past season in Chemung Valley, New York. Tobacco is now extensively cultivated in that State.

THE Baltimore American and the Cincinnati Gazette—two of the oldest and best sustained commercial daily newspapers in the country—have formally abandoned the credit system, and taken to the "cash plan."

HIGH PRICE OF FUEL IN PRAIRIE TOWNS.—At Shullsburg, wood has been selling by the load lately at the rate of from $10 to $15 a cord, and difficult to get even at that price. Coal sells at 60 cents a bushel. Many a man, in the prairie villages of the West, pays more in a year for fuel than it costs him to "provision" his family.—*Chicago Journal.*

THE Vermont Black Hawk carried for his owners, without leaving his stable, a sum rising $47,000, and has given courage, grace, beauty, speed, and fire to some ten or twelve hundred colts.

GROUSE TAUGHT TO SPEAK.—An engineer of the name of Mofat, residing at Murlford, caught, some time ago, a young moorcock. He brought it up in a cage, and now it has reached the full maturity of its species, what is certainly strange, he succeeded in teaching it to speak. We are told it can chatter like a parrot. This is the first instance, we believe, on record, of grouse being capable of speech.—*Kilmarnock Jour.*

HONORABLE CONDUCT.—Dartmouth College has recently refused to accept a donation of lands, bequeathed it in the West, because its acceptance would deprive a poor widow of the property, who would otherwise receive it.

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS DURING 1856.—During the year that has just closed there were 143 railroad accidents, attended with loss of life. One hundred and ninety-five persons were killed, and six hundred and twenty-nine wounded. In 1855 there were 142 such accidents, one hundred and sixteen persons being killed, and five hundred and thirty nine wounded.

STEAMBOAT ACCIDENTS IN 1856.—In 1855 there were twenty-seven steamboat accidents, killing one hundred and seventy-six persons, and wounding one hundred and seven. In 1856 there were twenty-nine accidents, killing three hundred and fifty-eight persons, and wounding one hundred and twenty seven.

THE winter in Europe has so far been very cold. Vast quantities of snow have fallen in Austria. On the first of December the roads east of Vienna were impassable on account of the snow, and in Vienna such vast masses of snow had accumulated in the streets that all locomotion was greatly impeded. In England we see that they had skating in the early part of December.

BLUNT, BUT TO THE PURPOSE.—The following notice is posted conspicuously in a publication office "down East:" "Shut this door, and soon as you have done talking on business serve your mouth the same way."

DISCOVERY OF A BURIED CITY.—The London Athenæum announces the discovery of a buried Greek city in the Levant, by Mr. Newton, British Vice Consul at Cos. The Gordon steam frigate has been sent out, with the necessary apparatus for excavations, together with cameras and photographic chemicals.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—A late English paper states that at St. Hillier, in the island of Jersey, a baker named Abel, married the daughter of a grocer named Cain, and the name of the magistrate who performed the marriage ceremony was Adam. The time of the wedding, we suppose, was "dewy Eve."

HON. Stephen R. Mallory, Dem., has been re-elected Senator from Florida, by the Legislature of that State, for the term of four years, ending 1861.

SYRACUSE, Dec. 30.—The North American Convention to-day, adopted measures preliminary and looking to a re-union with the American party.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.—Mr. J. G. Gowan of Boston, has received the contract from the Russian Government for raising the vessels sunk in the harbor of Sebastopol. He had five or six competitors, among them the Credit Mobilier of France, and yet the contract was awarded him at figures above all his competitors, from his well known reputation and success at Gibraltar, with the Missouri. He will commence operations in May next.

BOSTON, Dec. 29.—Mr. Tenny, warden of the Charlestown prison, was murdered this afternoon, by a prisoner, named Decatur. He had just been called home from a wedding tour on account of the murder of the Deputy, but a short time since. Subsequently, another convict in the same prison was found armed with an ugly-looking knife, newly sharpened, and ready for murder.

A PONOLOGICAL CURIOSITY.—The Boston Traveller mentions having seen some apples of good size and flavor, and the flesh blood red, although the skin was a bright yellow, showing no trace of the red underneath, which surprised every one who cut into the fruit. These apples came from Battle Creek, Michigan. The tree is said to be productive, and well worthy of cultivation.

MR. ROBERT TAYLOR, of Totness, England, is a made man. An old stone, tossing about his house for many years, has turned out to be a blue diamond worth £50,000.

A YOUNG lady from Troy was married a few months since, to a merchant of New York. She was considered one of the most talented and beautiful ladies in Troy; but strangely enough, a few months after her marriage she contracted the habit of drinking to excess, and was forced to leave her husband, and return to her parents in Troy. A few weeks after her return, she died of a brain fever, brought on by intemperance. Her mother fell a victim to the same baleful habit not three months ago, and her brother is a hopeless inebriate. The whole family is represented as one of rare talent and cultivation, but the destroying draught has effected its ruin.

THE BENTON LECTURES.—The New York Times says: "In reply to an application from an Association in this city, Colonel Benton stated that he had never received any pay for his lectures, and never would; but the Boston people had complimented him by making him a present of two hundred dollars for a lecture, and that a similar compliment would be satisfactory to him. There was a charming Bentonian simplicity in this ingenuous method of getting over the awkwardness of so distinguished a gentleman's receiving pay, like a common lecturer, for his services."

THE Indiana State Bank went into operation on January 1st. It is to have twenty branches, and its entire capital is fixed at six millions. The President of the State Bank is Hugh McCulloch, and its Cashier Jas. M. Ese, each of whom are well known to the monetary world.

THE last new toy in Paris, is a little balloon of Gutta Percha or India Rubber, filled with hydrogen gas. The public gardens present a singular appearance with hundreds of these balloons in the hands of children, floating with swan-like grace a yard above their heads. At a little distance the string becomes invisible, and they seem to follow the children by a sort of magnetic attraction. Now and then a negligent child lets the string slip out of his hand, the balloon rises majestically, despite the tears of the child, the screams and leaps of the nurse, and the "agitation" of the crowd, until it is lost to the sight.

A MAN named Adair, who was the Democratic candidate for Treasurer of Clinton county, Mich., at the late election, has gone crazy over his defeat. He had been often elected to office, and was quite popular.

THE Mayor of Newport, Ky., was made thrice happy by the birth in his family of triplets on Christmas morning.

IT is estimated that the love-letters dropped in the Post-Office at Lowell average over 1,500 daily. The factory girls are unanimous in their opposition to "single blessedness."

EXHIBITING THIEVES.—The New Orleans Chief of Police has adopted the plan of affixing placards upon the breasts and backs of notorious thieves, burglars and pickpockets, on which is printed, in large letters, the nature of the offence for which they have been convicted. They are then marched through the streets, and made a public exhibition.

SOPHIA DEFOE, who was sent to school in Tonawanda, N. Y., while her parents emigrated to Michigan, hung herself, from grief and homesickness.

THE State Legislature met at Harrisburg on the 6th inst. An election for U. S. Senator will be held on the 13th inst.

THE Puritan Recorder sums up the statistics of evangelical religion in this country as follows:—"Over thirty thousand working Ministers of the Gospel, sustained by four millions of communicants, and heard by sixteen millions of church going people. Church property, seventy millions; religious contributions, twenty-four millions per annum."

THE RIGHT SORT OF AN UNCLE.—A wealthy citizen of Brooklyn, N. Y., on Christmas day distributed $25,000 among his nephews and nieces.

A SUBTERRANEAN RIVER has been struck by the persons engaged in boring an artesian well at Henderson, Kentucky, from which a jet of water is forced up through the bore, and thrown to the height of fifty feet above the surface of the ground.

THE WIFE of Justice Daniels, of the U. S. Supreme Court, was burned to death, at the residence of her husband, in Washington City, on Saturday night, by her clothes catching fire while she was undressing to retire for the night. She was the daughter of Dr. Harris, of Philadelphia.

THE INHABITANTS of Pitcairn's Island, descended from the mutineers of the ship Bounty, have been removed to Norfolk Island, on account of their numbers having outgrown the capacity of their old home. They numbered 199 persons, of whom 97 are males and 102 females. Some 2,000 sheep, 450 head of cattle, and 26 horses, and provisions for twelve months, were left at Norfolk Island for their use.

THE RESULT of the election for officers of the Missouri State Legislature seems to have been adverse to the Benton and American fusionists, who were beaten at all points by the union of the pro-slavery Whigs with the Atchison party. This indicates the ability of the Anti-Bentonites to elect two United States Senators.

MINNESOTA.—The bill for the admission of Minnesota as a State, and the erection of the new territory of Minnesota, is spoken of by the Washington correspondent of the Boston Post as in the hands of Judge Douglas, who will soon report it to the Senate. Ex-Senator Shields is now at Washington urging its passage.

THE Supreme Court of Louisiana has decided that the factor who charges his principal a rate of insurance different from that which he himself pays the underwriters, thereby becomes the insurer of his principal. The custom is almost universal among the New Orleans merchants to charge their consignors one-fourth of one per cent. a month for insurance. Every merchant thus becomes an underwriter, and many of them will be startled to learn their new obligations.

THE removal of a Postmaster in the county of Kent, England, was recently ordered by the British Postmaster General, for "being discourteous to those who had business with his office."

Boston, Jan. 5.—The Chronicle of this morning contains a statement that Senator Sumner will not leave for Washington, as was intended, owing to being advised to the contrary by his physician.

☞ A lady whose husband had, several Sundays following, been jeeringly telling her that the great motive with women going to church was merely to display their bonnets, at last lost all patience, and said to him: "Then, *sir*, I suppose the reason why you gentlemen so rarely come to church is, because you cannot show your hats!"

☞ Near the close of Washington's second term of the Presidency, somebody remarked that he was growing round-shouldered. "Enough to make the hero so," said the gentleman addressed. "He has had to carry a young Republic for the last eight years."

☞ Macaulay, the English historian, is to have £1,000 for writing the epitaph on the city of London monument to the late Duke of Wellington.

☞ Among the host of instances lately presented to us of absence of mind, is the anecdote of a young lady's calling at a post office, in the West, for a letter, which she expected enclosed a remittance. "I beg pardon, madam," began the obsequious clerk; "but are you *double* or *single?*"

"Single, sir," said the youthful Minerva, indignantly.

"Then there is nothing for you," returned the official.

It took some time to settle this affair in a proper manner.

☞ To cure a pain in the breast, procure a well-made woolen dress—with an equally well-constructed woman inside of it, and press closely to the part affected. Repeat the application till the pain ceases. This recipe, when the directions are carefully observed, has rarely been known to fail in effecting a cure. The medicine is found in almost every household, and may possibly cost a trifle.

☞ Second attempts are always bad. It is related of a supernumerary in the time of Garrick, the actor, that on the occasion of the latter's appearance as King Lear, the "supe" fainted away from the effect. Garrick, like other spoiled favorites of the public, was gratified at this, and gave the man five guineas.—On the next representation of the tragedy, a fellow auxiliary pretended to be *struck all of a heap*—but he managed the affair so awkwardly, that Garrick ordered his immediate discharge.

☞ Lecturing is becoming popular in England. Within the last month, two Ministers of State, a leash of Dukes, a Marquis, four Earls, two Viscounts, twelve Barons, a Baronet, and twenty-eight Members of Parliament, have stood behind the green cloth, and expatiated on the progress of the people. After all, there is some hope for John Bull yet.

☞ The arms of a pretty girl, wound tight around your neck, has been discovered to be an infallible remedy in case of sore throat. It beats pepper all hollow.

☞ "Come here, my little Eddy," said a gentleman to a youngster of seven years of age, while sitting in the parlor where a company was assembled; "do you know me?" "Yes, sir, I think I do." "Who am I, then, let me hear?" "You are the man who kissed sister Angelina, last night in the parlor." Angeline fainted.

A GOOD STORY.

A merchant of Munich, having obtained a large fortune, gave each of his three daughters a considerable sum, and married them to three brothers, sons of a worthy man of Hamburg. He reserved to himself a large capital, and his sons-in-law employed all their efforts to induce him to give it to them. At last, by flattery and demonstrations of affection, they got the old man's money. But from that time they began to show indifference for him, and, at last, totally neglected him. The good old man was very wretched, and, what was worse, very poor. One day his youngest daughter went to him. In the course of conversation, she suggested to him that he might gain the goodwill of her and her sisters' husbands, and obtain from them all that he needed, by pretending to be still rich. The old man, seeing the idea was a good one, resolved at once to act on it. He went to a friend of his, a banker, and obtained an advance of money, and the loan of a service of plate.

The next day, he invited his sons-in-law to dinner. They were astonished to find a service of plate on the table, and still more so when the servant brought the old man a letter, and he exclaimed, "What! let an old friend be embarrassed for ten thousand florins!" And he went and got the sum from his strong box, saying: "There—take it to your master!" "You see," said he, "I am still rich!" The sons-in-law were confounded, and each, with great earnestness, immediately pressed the old man to go and live with him, promising him that he should receive every attention, and everything he could possibly wish for. But the old man laid down his conditions—that he should have his own apartments and domestics, a carriage, and a certain sum placed at his disposal. To this, the sons-in-law eagerly consented.

For some time the old man lived comfortably enough, and wherever he went he took the precaution to carry with him his strong box, which was very heavy. A little while ago he fell ill.—His sons in-law pressed him to make his will, but he said his intention was to divide the contents of his strong box equally between them and a friend, and that they and his executor should have a key. About a fortnight ago he died. By a writing which he left behind him, he directed that the box should not be opened until five days after his interment—that he should be buried with the greatest pomp—and that each poor man in the town should receive a new suit of clothes and a florin. At last the day for opening the strong box arrived. The sons-in-law, to their bitter mortification, found, not as they had expected, money or securities to a large amount, but lead and stones.

PALESTINE.—In entering Palestine, Mr. Stanley, in common with all other travellers, was struck with the smallness of a territory which fills so large a space in the history of Mankind. Its breadth rarely exceeds fifty miles, while its extreme length from "Dan to Beersheba," is but one hundred and eighty. From almost every height in Palestine the entire breadth of the territory may be taken in at a view, from the hills of Moab to the sea; and the traveller, even in despite of previous preparation, is startled to find that in one long day he has passed from the capital of Judea to that of Samaria, or that, in eight hours, he has seen "three such spots as Hebron, Bethlehem, and Jerusalem." It brings a strange feeling, too, especially after leaving the uncertain topography of the Desert, to arrive suddenly in the midst of places whose still existing names have been familiar to us from infancy, as the scenes of events which we have never thought of without awe; "to hear the names of Carmel, Maon, Ziph, shouted out by the Bedouin guides, or by the ploughman in the fields, who knew no more of David's wanderings than of those of Ulysses." This is the charm of travel in a classic land. But nowhere is it felt with half the frequency or half the security which is enjoyed among the unquestioned localities of the lands of the Bible.

☞ Did you ever hear of the wife that wrote to her husband in California, and commenced her letter thus—"Oh, tell me not that absence conquers love: the longer you stay away, the better I like you!"

☞ One of our most distinguished and eloquent lawyers, while entering his cold bed on a sharp night, lately, was overheard to say to himself: "Well, of all ways of getting a living, the worst a man could follow would be going about town in such nights as this, and getting into bed for folks."

NEW YORK MARKET, JAN. 3.

ASHES—The market is firmer for Pots; sales of 30 bbls at $7.75, and now held higher. Pearls quiet at $8.

FLOUR—The demand for Western Canal Flour is more active, and there is more steadiness apparent, with a better feeling at the close. The arrivals are fair by railway. The inquiry for export is moderate, owing to the extreme rates of freight demanded. The private advices by the steamer Niagara are more favorable than the published accounts. The sales are 4600 bbls at $6.10@6.20 for common to good superfine State; $6.40@6.60 for extra State; $6.25@6.50 for superfine Ioudiana and Ohio; $6.70@6.80 for common to fair extra Ohio; $6.85@7 for Duer and other choice extra Ohio; $6.20@6.70 for St Louis do; and $7.30@7.50 for extra Genesee. Canadian Flour is quite firm but dull; sales of 300 bbls at $6.30@6.40 for superfine, and $6.75@7.75 for extra. Southern Flour is very quiet but steady; the arrivals are fair. Sales of 450 bbls at $6.30@7.20 for mixed to good superfine Baltimore, &c., and $7.25@8 for favorite, fancy and extra do brands. Rye Flour in quiet; the supply moderate. Sales of fine at $5.06@5.12; and superfine per extra at $4.56@5.38. Corn Meal is in limited request at $3.12@3.25 for Jersey, and $3.75 for Brandywine, afloat. Buckwheat Flour is in moderate request at $2.25@2.37½.

GRAIN—The inquiry for Wheat is moderate, buyers and sellers are apart in their views, and we have only to note a sale of 5000 bush good white Southern at $1.75. Rye is quiet at 95c. Barley and Barley Malt are unchanged. Oats are rather firmer and in fair request; sales of State at 47@48c, and Western 46@48c. Corn is without important variation; the demand is quite active for export, checked at the close by the extreme rates of freight demanded; sales of 41,000 bush at 69@70c for Western mixed, Delaware and Maryland, and 70@75c for Southern white and yellow old. New is nominal.

COTTON has been active, and prices continue very firm; sales of 800 bales, including 300 in transit from mill ports to Europe at 12½c, 5d freight for Middlings from New Orleans to Liverpool.

COFFEE—All kinds have ruled quiet; the severe snow storm is partly chargeable with causing the inactivity; sales of 150 bags of Rio at 10¾@11c; 200 mats Java at 14½c, and 50 bags Laguayra at 12c.

SUGARS—Raw continue quiet, with small offerings and great firmness is evinced by holders. Refined are firm and in good request; sales of 350 bbls at 9½c; 20 hhds Porto Rico at 8½c, in bond, and 50 Cuba at 8½c.

MOLASSES—All kinds appear firm; New Orleans is quiet under an exhausted stock; sales of 50 hhds Cuba Muscovado at 43c, and a cargo Cuba clayed at 39c.

HIDES—The leasing continues buoyant, and purchases continue to be made for transhipment to Buenos Ayres, parties secure at Boston for that market. All kinds are in demand, and buyers freely meet the continually advancing prices. The sales are 2000 Buenos Ayres, in addition to the late sale and on Thursday and Friday, to arrive at Boston, and thence here, at 22c, 4 months, usual selection; also 750 dry salted Maracaibo, at 22c, and 650 Southern at 20@21c net, cash, as they run.

LEATHER—Hemlock and Oak retain their buoyancy, with a good demand. The total sales of Hemlock for 1856 reach 2,631,200 sides; the receipts, 2,570,450 sides; and of Oak, sales 360,000 sides; receipts, 370,750 sides. Prices on the 1st of January, 1856, were 23@24c for light and middle Rio Grande and Buenos Ayres Hemlock; on the 1st of January, 1857, they were 28@30.

HOPS—The market is dull and heavy at 7@10c for common to good first sorts Eastern and Western.

OILS—English and American Linseed continue inactive, but prices are without material alteration; small sales from store at 82c. Crude Whale is quite dull, and in the absence of sales, quotations are entirely nominal; we cannot quote the market above 75c. Refined Winter bleached is inquired at 88c. Crude Sperm is fairly active; we note further sales of 700 bbls at New Bedford at 91.30 gal. Manufactured is dull and prices are depressed; we quote unbleached Winter at $1.35@1.50, and bleached do at $1.60@1.80. Lard Oil is without new feature; prime Western is quite dull, and Winter, sold for Portland; No. 1 is held at 91, 4 mos. Olive is quiet but steady. Red Oil is fairly inquired for at 82@83c cash, and 4 mos.

WHISKEY—The market is better, and more active. Sales of 1800 bbls at 28½c for Ohio and Prime.

PROVISIONS—The inquiry for Pork is fair, and with limited arrivals prices are better. The sales are 600 bbls at $19.50@19.75 for old Mess; $20@20.12½ for new do, and $16.50@17 for new Prime. Other kinds are nominal. Beef is in request, especially good repacked Western; the country is full for the East and leave trade, and the receipts are moderate. The sales are 300 bbls at $5@5.25 for Country Prime; $10.50@11 for old repacked Western Mess and new country Mess; and $12@13 for new repacked Chicago, and $15.50 for extra do. Prime Mess is quiet at $20@21 per new. Beef Hams are firm at 17@18c. Bacon is in small stock, and is firm. Dressed Hogs are in demand at 8@9c. Cut Meats are less plenty, and in good demand. Sales of 100 bbls at 7.75c for Shoulders, and 9½@10 for Hams, and 50 kegs Bellies at 9½c. Lard is active. Sales of 300 bbls and tierces at 12½@12¾c. Butter is in fair demand at 18@22c for Ohio, the latter price for choice from reserve stock, and 20@28c for State. Cheese is firm, and in fair request at 10@10½.

HAY—The inquiry is fair for shipping. Sales of 1000 bales at 75@87½c per 100 lbs.

JAN. 5.—Flour limited, 6000 bbls sold; State $6.10@6.15; Southern heavy. Wheat quiet; 12m bus sold. Corn dull; prices go-ing. Provisions firm. Whiskey firmer.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, January 5, 1857.

The Holidays have again interrupted the usual course of business, and the market generally remains dull. Breadstuffs have been very inactive under the depressing accounts by the Steamer, and for Flour, Wheat and Corn, prices have slightly fallen off. Groceries remain unchanged. Cotton has been in good demand, and prices have again slightly advanced. Seed is quiet. Coffee, Sugar and Molasses are held very firmly, but the transactions have been limited. Fish are steady. The demand for Provisions falls off, but the stocks of all descriptions are very much reduced. Nothing doing in Hemp or Hides. The Iron market continues excessively dull. In Lumber the transactions have been unimportant. Naval Stores are in better request, and Spirits of Turpentine, under the favorable advices from London, has again advanced. Oils generally are very quiet. Provisions of all kinds are looking up, in consequence of the high rates at the West, but supplies come forward slowly, and there has been very little movement here.—Rice meets a limited inquiry. No change in Salt. Clover seed is less active, but prices are well sustained. Timothy and Flaxseed are not inquired after. Tobacco is held firmly.—Wool continues in steady demand at full rates. In Dry Goods there has been much more inquiry for some descriptions of Cotton Goods, but without change in prices—and the aggregate business does not seem to have been small, but a large and early spring business is anticipated.

BREADSTUFFS—The Flour market has been very inactive during the past week, under the unfavorable advices from abroad, and prices have declined 25c per bbl. There has been very little export demand, and only 1,000 bbls have been disposed of at $6.50@6.56 for standard and good brands; $6.62½@6.87½ and $7@7.25 for extra family—closing quiet at our lowest figures. There is a steady inquiry for the supply of the retailers and bakers at about the same quotations. Rye Flour has been rather more inquired after, and 500 bbls sold in lots at $4. Corn Meal has been very quiet. The stock is large. Sales of 400 bbls Pennsylvania at $3.87½@4 per bbl, and 200 bbls old stock at $4.25.

The demand for Wheat has been quite limited since our last notice, and prices have declined 4c per bus. Sales of 10,000 bus fair and prime Southern and Pennsylvania Red at $1.43@1.53, and White at $1.53@1.55—the latter rate for choice lots of Tennessee and Kentucky—closing at our lowest quotations. The supply is large for Rye, and it is wanted at the, which is an advance. Corn has been in demand, and prices have fallen off 1@2c. Sales of 12,000 bus, mostly at 66@67c for old yellow, and 62@63c for western. The receipts have been very light. Oats are in fair request, and prices have advanced. Sales of 6000 bus good Pennsylvania, in store, at 45@47c per bus, and 12,000 bushels prime have been sold at 48@49c.

PROVISIONS—Since our last there has been a firmer feeling in the market, in consequence of the advance in the West, and holders of Pork have put up their prices 25@50c per bbl, but the demand has been limited. Sales of Mess, in small lots, at $19.50@20 per bbl, on time, the latter now being the general asking rate, and Prime at $17. Prices of Beef are unchanged, and sales have been unimportant. Bacon—The demand continues quite limited, but prices are firmly maintained. Sales of Hams at 10@11c per lb. Sides at 8@8½c, and Shoulders at 7½@8c. Green Meats come forward slowly, and there is very little stock to operate in. Sales of Hams, in pickle, at 10c, and some Shoulders at 6c, on time. Lard sells at 12@12½c per lb, in bbls, and 13@13½ in kegs. Butter ranges from 14 to 24c. Cheese no change.

GROCERIES—There is a better feeling in the Sugar market, and prices are well maintained. Sales of 250 hhds Cuba at 9@9½c per lb, on time, and some damaged Havana at 8c. There have been no arrivals of Coffee. The demand has been limited, but holders are firm in their demand. Sales of 1700 bags Rio at 9@11c, and 400 mats Java at 13@14c per lb, on time.

The market for Molasses continues very quiet, but prices are steadily maintained. A cargo of Matanzas was offered by auction, and 180 hhds and tcs, and 10 bbls sold at 27@42c, 4 months.

BARK—Comes forward slowly, and there is very little stock here to operate on; small sales of No 1 Quercitron at $33 ₱ ton, but holders since ask more. No Tanners' Bark offering.

BEES WAX—The demand has been limited. Small sales of good yellow at 29@30c ₱ lb. cash.

CANDLES—There has been but little doing, and prices unchanged. Small sales of Adamantine at 23@24c, and Sperm at 41@42c ₱ lb, 4 mos.

COAL—The receipts by railroad have been light. The market continued inactive, but prices are steadily maintained. There is a fair inquiry for home consumption, but the scarcity of vessels, high rates of freight, and impaired state of navigation, have greatly suspended operations at Richmond. There is nothing doing in Bituminous.

COTTON—During the past week there has been a fair demand, and with moderate receipts and a small stock, holders have succeeded in realizing an advance of ¼@½c ₱ lb; sales of 1,500 bales, chiefly Uplands, at 13½@c ₱ lb, on time, for mid-dling, and middling fair, cash and time.

DRUGS AND DYES—The transactions have been quite limited. Among them were 50 casks Soda Ash at 2½c; Sal Soda at 2½c; refined Borax at 22c, and Oil of Lemon at $2.25 ₱ lb, six months.

FEATHERS—There are very few offering, and the sales have been confined to small lots at 56@56c ₱ lb for good Western.

FISH—The stock is very much reduced, and prices are firmer. Small sales from store at $4.50@5 ₱ bbl for medium No. 1, and $3 for No. 2, and $7 for No. 3; large fish are scarce. No change in Codfish or Herring.

FRUIT—There is less doing. The stocks of all descriptions at foreign ports are greatly reduced. Sales of Bunch Raisins at $3.50@3.80 ₱ box, and smaller packages at proportionate rates. Figs range from 7 to 9c ₱ lb, as to quality. Dried Apples sell on arrival at 3@3½, and Peaches at 5@5½c ₱ lb for unpared and 8@8½c for pared. Cranberries range from $12 to $13 ₱ bbl, as to quality.

GUANO—Is rather more abundant. A sale of Crude was made at 3c ₱ lb.

GUANO—Prices are nominal, and the sales have been unimportant.

HEMP—There is but little stock here, and no sales have come under our notice.

HIDES—There have been no arrivals or sales this week, but prices are fully sustained.

HOPS—The demand continues quite limited. Small sales of new Eastern and Western at 8@9c ₱ lb.

INDIGO—The sales have been limited, but at full prices.

IRON—The market for Pig Iron continues in the same state of inactivity which we have recorded for many weeks past, and the sales of Pig Metal have been confined to 60 tons Anthracite, in small lots at $23@23.50 ₱ ton, 6 mos, for No. 1; $24 for No. 2, and $25 for No. 1 Scotch. Pig is not inquired after. Blooms, Bars and Boiler Iron sell slowly at former rates.

LEAD—Is but little inquired after; no sales have been reported.

LEATHER—Continues scarce, and in steady demand, at full prices.

LUMBER—The transactions have been unimportant.—Among the sales were Flooring Boards at $13@17 ₱ M feet, and Laths from $1.50@1.75 ₱ M, according to quality.

NAVAL STORES—Prices of Tar and Pitch remain without change. The favorable tenor of the foreign advices for Spirits of Turpentine, have caused an increased demand for that article, and prices have advanced. Sales 150 bbls, in lots, at 43@44c, cash and 60 time. About 300 bbls Rosin sold at $1.55 ₱ bbl for Common and $2 for Pale.

OILS—Prices continue firm for all descriptions of Fish Oils, but the sales have been limited. Linseed Oil sells slowly at 80@82c. Lard Oil is unchanged. Sales of Winter at 87½@90c, 4 mos, the stock is now very much reduced. Red Oil continues very scarce.

PLASTER—There have been no arrivals or sales since our last notice.

RICE—The demand has been limited, but prices are unchanged. Sales of 130 tierces at 4@4½c ₱ lb, 4 mos.

SALT—Prices remain without change.

SEEDS—The demand for Clover seed has been fair, and prices are steady. Sales of 1200 bus prime at $7.50; some re-cleaned at $7.75, and some of ordinary quality at $7.25 ₱ 64 lbs. In Timothy and Flaxseed nothing doing, and prices are nominal.

SPICES—The transactions have been limited, but without change in prices.

SPIRITS—There is a steady demand for Brandy and Gin, and prices are well maintained. New England Rum sells as wanted at 34@35c. Whiskey has been very dull, and prices have declined. Sales of 200 barrels at 25@26c, and bbls at 24c.

TALLOW—The demand has been limited. Small sales of City Rendered at 11c, and country at 10½@c ₱ lb, cash.

TEAS—There is but little doing, and no change to notice in prices.

TOBACCO—Prices continue very firm for both Leaf and Manufactured, but there is but much doing.

WOOL—There has been a steady demand, and with small receipts and a light stock, prices are well maintained. Sales of 120,000 lbs from 40 to 45c ₱ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET, JAN. 5.

The supplies of Beef Cattle have been only moderate this week, and most of the late offered were disposed of at about previous quotations, the markets exhibiting little or no change since last week. Also 130 Beeves were at the Bull's Head, and mostly all sold at from 4@8 to 9@10 the 100 lbs according to condition, the latter for prime lots. The principal sales were as follows:

115 Virginia, by Hathaway & McPhilian, at		8½@9½
112 Pennsylvania, by H. Seddenridge, at		8@10
150 " by Mooney & Mc Clung, at		9 @10
50 " by D. Hopkins, at		8 & 9½
40 " by H. Cadenwood, at		10@10
50 " by Scott & Kimball, at		8 & 9½
30 " by J. Alexander, at		9 & 9½
50 " by J. Casaday, at		10@10
25 " by C. Marshall, at		8@8½

At Torbert's Avenue Drove Yard, about 450 head of Beef Cattle were sold as follows:

60 Pennsylvania, by D Wells,		8½@9½
55 " by A. Kennedy,		8@10@
42 " by W Forrest,		8 @10
125 " by Abrams & Co,		8 @10
55 " by H Baldwin,		8@10
30 " by Peter Baker,		8@8 9½

About 300 Cows and Calves were at the Washington Drove Yard, Ridge Avenue, this week, and sales ruled very dull at Prices $30@$50 for Fresh Cows; $25 to $35 for Springers, and $15 to $16 for Dry Cows, closing a little on the decline.

Of Hogs, the arrivals at Singer's were about 2200. The demand was brisk, and all sold at 6½@7c.

1300 Sheep and Lambs the receipts have fallen off, and the market has been pretty well supplied, only about 3500 having arrived at the different yards, and all sold at prices ranging from $2 to $4.50 each, as to quality.

The following are the offerings at the various Yards in this City for a series of Years:—

	Beeves.	Cows.	Swine.	Sheep.	Total.
1843,	37,420	5,121	22,400	91,180	156,121
1844,	44,570	18,500	25,420	91,000	179,772
1845,	51,250	10,805	26,455	96,498	153,508
1846,	47,900	14,400	16,878	53,810	132,460
1847,	50,270	16,700	22,450	57,000	147,220
1848,	57,311	14,108	46,890	79,020	205,829
1849,	62,120	14,920	46,700	77,100	200,850
1850,	69,350	15,120	49,800	82,500	216,770
1851,	99,160	15,400	48,700	83,000	244,260
1852,	77,200	14,420	45,250	81,200	218,070
1853,	71,900	15,100	50,300	72,310	212,600
1854,	76,300	16,175	36,150	61,000	238,475
1855,	53,150	9,420	68,900	171,150	300,820
1856,	54,500	8,455	97,600	283,050	443,605

BALTIMORE MARKET, JAN. 3.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market was quiet. We note sales of 300 bbls Howard Street super at $6.25. For Howard Street and Ohio super holders were generally asking $6.37½, but there were no buyers at that quotation. We have no sales to note in City Mills super. Holders were firm in asking $6.50, but buyers were only offering $6.37½. The market closed quiet. Family and Extra Flour We have no sales to note. We continue to quote City Howard Street and Ohio extra at $6.87½@7; Family do $6.75@7 ₱ bbl. Baltimore extra may still be quoted in the grey haud at $6; Family do $6 per bbl.

Corn Meal—We have no sales to note. We continue to quote City Meal at $3.37½ per bbl; country do $3 per bbl, and dull of sale.

Rye Flour—We note a sale of 100 bbls new Rye Flour at $4.25 per bbl. This shows a decline of 25c per bbl on previous quotations.

GRAIN AND SEEDS—Wheat—The market was exceeding dull, and the receipts very light; prices, however, are unchanged. There were only 1500 bus offered, and sales were made of White Wheat, good to prime at $1.50@1.60; Red 1.40@1.45c.

Corn—The receipts of Corn continue very light, but prices remain unchanged. There were only 3300 bus offered, and sales of white at 73@73c, yellow 70@72c.

Oats—There was a fair inquiry for Oats and prices continue firm. There were 2700 bus offered, and sales were made at 47@48c.

Rye—There were only 300 bus offered, and sales were made of Maryland and Virginia at 70c; Pennsylvania 78c.

Seeds—We have to note a sale of 20 bus prime Clover seed at $7.37½. We quote Clover seed at $7.12½@7.37½; Timothy $3.25 at.

WHISKEY—The market was very quiet, and prices rather unsettled. We note a sale of 50 bbls country at 25c. We quote City and Ohio at 25@25½ per gal.

Jan. 5.—Flour, Wheat, and Corn unchanged from Saturday's quotations. Sales of Whiskey at 25c.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET, JAN. 1.

At market 908 Beeves, 171 Stores, 9 pairs of Working Oxen, 40 Cows and Calves, 1800 Sheep and Lambs, and 950 Swine.

PRICES—MARKET BEEF—Extra, $5.50; first quality, $5.75; second do $5.50; third do $4.50; ordinary $4.50@5.

Barrelling Cattle—No quotations.

Yearlings—$20@21.

Two years old—$25@31.

Three years old—$28@41.

Working Oxen—Sales at $100, 145, 160@185.

Cows and Calves—$24, 28, 30, 32, 35, 36, 38@46.

Hides—7@8c ₱ lb.

Calf Skins—10@11c ₱ lb.

Tallow—6½@7c ₱ lb.

Pelts—$1.25@1.50.

Sheep and Lambs—Extra and selections $6, 6.50@; in lots $2, 3.50, 5@5.75.

Swine—Sales of pigs at 6@7c ₱ lb; fat hogs (undressed), 6@6½ ₱ lb.

Remarks—The market to-day is not quite so fully attended as usual. Sales are quick, at an advance of about 25c ₱ 100 lbs on good beef; other qualities are unchanged. Sheep and Lambs are dull. Swine unchanged.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
R. B. JONES, EXCHAGE HOTEL,
No. 71 Dock Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Whole carcase	5 @ 9
Roasting rib, ₱ lb	16 @ —	*Veal.*	
Sirloin steak	14 @

THIRTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.—On Dec 30th, on motion of Mr. Weller, the Committee on Territories was directed to inquire into the expediency of providing means for establishing and settling the boundaries between California and Utah.

On motion of Mr. Weller, a resolution was adopted, calling on the President to communicate a statement of all the payments and allowances which have been made, and of all claims disallowed to Major-General Winfield Scott, from the date at which he joined the army in Mexico to December 1st, 1856, together with the correspondence on the subject. Adjourned till Friday.

On Jan. 2nd, on motion of Mr. Slidell, a resolution was adopted requesting the President, if not incompatible with the public interest, to furnish the Senate with copies of all correspondence between our Government and that of the Netherlands, relative to the refusal of the diplomatic agents of the latter to appear before the courts of justice of the United States and give testimony in criminal cases of the facts bearing thereon, of which they may be cognizant. This refers to the refusal of Mr. Dubois to testify in the Herbert case.

The Senate then adjourned till Monday.

On the 5th, on motion of Mr. Cass, a resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of War for further information respecting the St. Clair Flats, and asking what amount, if any, of the additional appropriation will be required for said work.

On Dec. 30th, in the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, the consideration of the President's Message was resumed, and continued for some time.

The Diplomatic and Consular Bill belng under consideration,

Mr. Haven moved to strike out the appropriation for the salaries for twenty-five "Consular pupils," and asked whether we are to have a Consular school in which to educate them.

Mr. Pennington explained that "Consular pupils" were merely clerks to Consuls, whose salaries were insufficient to enable them to employ such assistants.—They would, however, be trained to the business of Consuls.

Mr. Quitman concurred with Mr. Haven. He had always thought there should be an honest diplomacy, and not that of deceit, which exists in European countries.

After further debate involving the propriety of Consular pupils, the appropriation for their salaries was stricken out, and the bill passed. Adjourned till Friday.

On Jan. 2nd, the House passed fourteen private bills, and then adjourned till Monday.

MATRIMONY IN MORMONDOM.

The San Francisco Herald publishes the letter annexed, which tells a curious story of Mormon matrimony in Utah. As to the truth of its statements we have no means of judging. The great number of "members of the Council" who are described as "cripple and near sighted," will probably make some people entertain doubts as to the reliable character of the writer. He dates his epistle from "Fillmore City, Utah, Sept. 15th, 856," and says:

As it may be a matter of interest to the Gentile world to know how fast our people are in Utah Territory, I will give you briefly a list of the standing among the women of the members of the last Legislature, that is, their names and the number of wives, to wit:

Of the members of Council, 13 persons:

Heber C. Kimball, President of Council,	57
Daniel H. Wells, Councilman, (cross eyed,)	19
Albert Carrington, (cripple and near sighted.)	21
Orson Pratt, (cripple and near-sighted.)	7
Wilford Woodruff, (cripple and near-sighted.)	12
John Stoker, (cripple and near-sighted.)	8
Aaron Farr, (cripple and near-sighted.)	3
Lorenzo Snow, (cripple and near-sighted.)	25
L. E. Harrington, (cripple and near-sighted.)	3
Benj. F. Johnson, (cripple and near-sighted.)	4
Isaac Mourley, (72 years old.)	5
John A. Rev. (from Texas,)	9
Geo. A. Smith, (cripple and near-sighted.)	5
Grand total, men 13, women	171

House of Representatives, 26 members:

M. Grant, Speaker, has	8
W. W. Phelps, (printer of Morgan's book,)	7
A. P. Rockwood, (an old man,)	5
Edwin D. Woodly, (a small man,)	5
J. W. Cummings, (cripple.)	10
Hosea Stout, (lawyer from Kentucky—3 dead.)	1
S. W. Richards, (young and handsome lawyer.)	15
Jesse C. Little, (lawyer, of Boston, Mass.,)	3
William Snow, (Vermont, laborer,)	6
P. H. Young, (older brother of Brigham, tailor,)	5
O. V. Spencer, (of Mass., quite small,) has but	2
Ezra B. Benson, (old and homely,)	15
James C. Snow, (quite poor,)	3
Aaron Johnson, (has 3 sisters, and altogether,)	6
Lorenzo H. Hatch, (wagon maker,)	9
Jacob G. Bigler, (farmer,)	10
George Peacock, (farmer,)	10
John Eldridge, (phrenologist—two dead,)	1
Isaac C. Haight, (wood digger,)	12
Jesse N. Smith, (lawyer,)	2
John D. Parker, (old and deaf,)	3
Jesse Hobson, (ox teamster,)	10
J. C. Wright, (hotel keeper,)	5
James Brown, (dairyman,)	4
Enoch Reese, (farmer, etc.,)	2
W. A Hickman, (one of the Danites,)	2
Total,	157

To which add officers of the House, to wit:

Thomas Bullock, (Clerk and an Englishman,)	6
J. Grimshaw, (Assistant Clerk, and an Englishman,)	5
Chandler Holbrook, (Foreman, and deaf,)	4
Jacob J. Hutchinson, (Messenger,)	3
Joel H. Johnson, (Chaplain,)	7
Total,	25

To which add 68 for the number living of Gov. Young's wives, and you have the whole number of females thus represented by the members of the Legislature, officers of same, and his Excellency, amounting to 429; or, in other words, 45 men have 418 wives. These, Mr. Editor, are sober truths, and in what they will end is for the ark and doleful future.

NEW LAW—PREPAYMENT ON ALL TRANSIENT PRINTED MATTER COMPULSORY.—We are requested, says the National Intelligencer, to publish the following regulations, made by the Postmaster General, in order to carry out the provisions of the act just passed, requiring prepayment of postage on all *transient* printed matter. Postmasters will please bear in mind that *transient* matter only is alluded to, and not newspapers regularly taken by subscribers.

1. Books, not weighing over four pounds, may be sent in the mail, prepaid by postage stamps, at one cent an ounce any distance in the United States under three thousand miles, and at two cents an ounce over three thousand miles, provided they are put up without a cover or wrapper, or in a cover or wrapper open at the ends or sides, so that their character may be determined without removing the wrapper.

2. Unsealed circulars, advertisements, business cards, transient newspapers and every other article of transient printed matter, except books, not weighing over three ounces, sent in the mail to any part of the United States, are chargeable with one cent postage each, to be prepaid by postage stamps. Where more than one circular is printed on a sheet, or a circular and letter, each must be charged with a single rate. This applies to lottery and other kindred sheets assuming the form and name of newspapers; and the miscellaneous matter in such sheets must also be charged with one rate. A business card on an unsealed envelope of a circular, subjects the entire packet to letter postage. Any transient matter, like a circular or handbill, enclosed in or with a periodical or newspaper sent to a subscriber, or to any other person, subjects the whole package to letter postage; and, whenever subject to letter postage, from being sealed, or from any cause whatever, all printed matter, without exception, must be prepaid, or excluded from the mail. It is the duty of the postmaster at the mailing office, as well as at the office of delivery, carefully to examine all printed matter, in order to see that it is charged with the proper rate of postage, and to detect fraud. At offices where postage stamps cannot be procured, postmasters are authorised to receive money in prepayment of postage on transient matter; but they should be careful to keep a supply of stamps on hand.

THE HAIR AND BEARD.—A medical correspondent of the Evening Journal says:—"The idea that the growth of the beard, so much cultivated at present, diminishes the growth of the hair, will perhaps be novel to you and your readers.—Yet I believe, from observation, that such is the fact. Very generally those who wear their beards are becoming bald, and in all cases the hair is in proportion to the length of the beard.—If observation be correct, fashionable men at present day do not require to have their hair as often as formerly, unless in summer, and on the removal of the beard, when the hair resumes its former growth. This fact is explained by physiology. The secretion designed the hair is diverted for the nourishment of the beard."

PRAYER in Hartford, Conn., distributed to our children of that city, 1,000 pairs of oversox on Christmas day.

PIGEONS IN TEXAS.—The Palestine Advocate describes a recent visit made by the editor to a pigeon roost, on Wolf Creek, some twenty or thirty miles above Palestine. The company arrived at the roost before night, and when the pigeons were absent, they were struck with astonishment at the havoc the pigeons had made. "On all sides, large trees were either broken or twisted down, and the trunks of towering oaks literally stripped of their branches." About sun down they heard a loud roaring to the north, and looking up they saw the front of a large column of birds approaching, and "for several minutes it continued to pour along in one unbroken stream." Directly others came from every direction, "until the whole air appeared to be full of them." The company commenced operations after dark, shooting them by torch-light, bringing down fifteen or twenty at a shot, until they had bagged as many as they desired, and then started for home. The current of wind created by the pigeons rising was such that it blew off their hats, in consequence of which those experienced would leave their hats and coats in camp and tie up their heads with handkerchiefs. The editor says the scene was the most exciting he ever witnessed. He found it next to impossible to sleep in consequence of the constant roaring made by the pigeons. The settlers on Wolf Creek say the pigeons have destroyed all the mast in that region this year, the consequence of which will be a great scarcity of pork.

A PRUSSIAN SLAVE CASE.—A remarkable decision in a slave case has lately been given by the Court of Appeals and the Supreme Court of Justice in Berlin, Prussia. The case was that of Dr. Ritter, a citizen of Brazil, against one Marcinello, his slave, whom he had brought to Berlin, where he told him he would simply treat him as a servant, but, on his return home, he should expect him to re-enter on his former condition. The slave, however, left his master, and instituted a suit against him, praying that he be called upon to prove his property within a given period, or be forever debarred, &c. The local tribunal of Berlin gave judgment in favor of the slave, but the Court of Appeals reversed this judgment, and the Supreme Court of Justice confirmed the judgment of the Court of Appeals. In the written reasons for this decision, which are always furnished by the Judges in Germany, the Court held that Dr. Ritter had good cause to claim Marcinello as his slave, it being proved that the relation of master and slave subsisted and still subsists lawfully in Brazil, the domicil of both the plaintiff and defendant. The relations between master and servant are regulated by the laws of the country where both are domiciliated, and a promise on the part of the master, within a certain limited time and space, not to use his rights over his slave to the fullest extent, is not tantamount to their relinquishment.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.—A late number of the London Athenæum says "that the correspondent of a Florentine Literary paper, the Spettatore writes from Pinerolo, in the once famous fortress of which little town the man in the iron mask passed eleven years of his mysterious imprisonment, that the long-kept secret of his name and fate has at length been penetrated.—Signor Mussi, the learned and indefatigable historian, has, he says, in the course of his researches among the archives of the town, met with a document which affords the long-sought information. The facts discovered by Signor Mussi are declared to rest on unmistakable and irrefutable evidence, and he only waits to gratify the curiosity of the world, until he shall have succeeded in finding a publisher willing to purchase the manuscript in which he has narrated his discovery."

The Man in the Iron Mask, it will be recollected, was afterwards long confined in the Bastile, where he died about 1700 Many attempts have been made to solve the secret, some writers assuming that he was a twin brother of Louis 14th, others that he was an Ambassador who had offended him; but all these attempts, like those respecting the authorship of Junius' letters, have hitherto been unsuccessful.

THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA.—Rev. Dr. Livingston, the celebrated African traveller, had a public reception from the Royal Geographical Society on the 15th. The great missionary traveller addressed the meeting at considerable length. He stated that the centre of Africa was very different from what it was popularly represented to be. Instead of being a burning waste, it was, to the north of the 20th deg. of south latitude, intersected by many rivers, some of which were large and deep; the population, which consisted of the true negro, was thicker and more civilized; they had a great desire for commerce, and entered with eagerness into his project for forming a path to the sea. He believes that he has succeeded in opening two paths, and that that by the river Zambesi will be a permanent one.

Dr. Livingston's belief that cotton may be produced in Africa to a large extent, is exciting a good deal of interest. The Manchester Examiner suggests that the Chamber of Commerce of that city should invite the doctor to a conference; "let them," it says, "hear his estimate of the people and the resources of the country, and we believe they will have lighted on a new cotton-producing country, and a larger field than we yet possess for the introduction of our manufactured goods."

THE SLAVE EXCITEMENT.—Louisville, Jan. 5.—The Memphis Appeal of Tuesday last says that there was considerable excitement in St. Francis county, by rumors of a projected insurrection of the slaves about Christmas, and several negroes were whipped until they confessed to a plot. A similar report prevailed at Napoleonville, La.

The committee appointed by the Mayor of Nashville, and Judge Davidson of the County Court, to examine the charges of insurrection against the negroes, report that they could find no evidence, and recommend the discharge of the prisoners.

The Mississippi papers ridicule the telegraphic report of a negro insurrection at Jackson, and say that it has not the shadow of a foundation.

CHEATING IN FLOUR.—The Detroit Tribune says that a fraud in the manufacture of flour has just come to light, which is likely to lead to extensive litigation and a serious depreciation in the choice brands of Michigan flour, which has heretofore stood first in the Eastern markets.—The fraud consists in the selling of Illinois red wheat flour, by millers in the interior of the State, for Michigan white wheat. It is said thousands of barrels have been thus fraudulently disposed of, and that Eastern merchants are very justly indignant at the cheat. The consequences of this do not stop with the sale of the flour on the market. It damages the reputation of all the flour in the State, and can hardly fail to depreciate its value.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN WASHINGTON.—All persons connected with the diplomatic corps, in full dress, together with the members of the Cabinet, paid their respects to the President on the morning of New Year's Day. At noon, the doors of the White House were thrown open to the public, and thousands, including prominent statesmen, judges, and army and naval officers, entered, the Marine Band meanwhile performing a number of national and patriotic airs. The reception continued for two hours. The Heads of the Departments and many others hospitably entertained visitors at their respective residences.

☞ A clergyman, travelling in a stage coach, was asked by one of the passengers if he thought pious heathens would go to heaven. "Sir," said the clergyman, "I am not appointed judge of the world, and consequently cannot tell; but if you get to heaven, you shall either find them there, or a good reason why they are not."

☞ Byron is said to have remarked that "the greatest trial to a woman's beauty is the ungraceful act of eating eggs." Some Yankee remarks that the poet could never have seen a lady hanging on by the teeth to a blazing hot corn cob!

☞ Edmund Kean, the actor, was the originator of a magnificent pun. Hazlitt, a critic of the first water, declared that his name was impervious to a pun. "Not at all," insisted Kean. "What shall be said of the man whose genius has *lit* the age in which he lives!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York.
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HOW DR. PARR LOOKED AND TALKED.—Considerations such as these, and the doctor's undeniable reputation (granted even by his most admiring biographers) as a sanguinary flagellator throughout his long career of pedagogue, had prepared us—nay, entitled us—to expect in Dr. Parr a huge carcass of man, fourteen stone at least. Even his style, pursy and bloated, and his sesquipedalian words, all warranted the same conclusion. Hence, then, our surprise, and the perplexity we have recorded, when the door opened, and a little man, in a buzz wig, cut his way through the company, and made for a *fauteuil* standing opposite to the fire. Into this he *lunged*; and then forthwith, without preface or apology, began to open his talk upon us.—Here arose a new marvel and a greater. If we had been scandalised at Dr. Parr's want of thews and bulk, conditions so indispensable for enacting the part of Sam Johnson, much more, and with better reason, were we now petrified with his voice, utterance, gestures, and demeanor.—Conceive, reader, by way of counterpoise to the fine enunciation of Dr. Johnson, an infantine lisp—the worst we ever heard—from the lips of a man above sixty, and accompanied with all sorts of ridiculous grimaces and little stage gesticulations. As he sat in his chair, turning alternately to the right and to the left, that he might dispense his edification in equal proportions amongst us, he seemed the very image of a little French gossiping abbe. Yet all that we have mentioned, was, and seemed to be, a trifle by comparison with the infinite pettiness of his matter. Nothing did he utter but little shreds of calumnious tattle—the most ineffably silly and frivolous of all that was then circulating in the Whig *salons* of London against the Regent. He began precisely in these words: "Oh! I shall tell you" (laying a stress upon the word *shall*, which still further aided the resemblance to a Frenchman) "a sto-hee" (lispingly for story) "about the Pince Thegent" (such was his nearest approximation to *Prince Regent*). "Oh, the Pince Thegent—the Pince Thegent!—what a sad, sad man he has turned out! But you *shall* hear.—Oh! what a Pince! what a Thegent!—what a sad Pince Thegent!" And so the old babbler went on, sometimes wringing his little hands in lamentation, sometimes flourishing them with French grimaces and shrugs of shoulders, sometimes expanding and contracting his fingers like a fan. After an hour's twaddle of the lowest and most scandalous description, suddenly he arose and hopped out of the room.—*De Quincey's Essays.*

☞ An eastern man went out west not long since, after a farm, and some wag told him that old R——, the owner of a hundred thousand acres of land in Iowa, had a small farm he would probably sell. The Yankee called on him, and R—— drove him around a very small portion of it, and asked him how he liked it. "It is very fine," said the Yankee, "but how much do you ask an acre?" "Well," replied R——, "I don't care about selling it, unless I sell all of what I call 'my own farm,' part under cultivation, part not—but I shouldn't think $40 an acre a high price—should you?" "No," said the Yankee, anxious for the bargain at what appeared to him mere nothing, "how many acres are there in what you call 'your farm?'" "Oh," said R——, "there are 'twenty-seven thousand!'" The Yankee left.

☞ A tailor of this city, who lost a bet of a "suit of clothes" with a Southern gentleman, recently paid him with a suit of drab, cut after the strictest Quaker fashion. The winner was equal to the occasion; he mounted the drabs, and people were rather astonished at seeing in the streets, at the hotels and at the theatres, a gentleman attired in "plain clothes," and wearing a moustache and a fashionable beaver. The Southerner started home on Wednesday, carrying his new clothes away on his back.

☞ What do not people ask editors? Somebody inquires of a Cincinnati paper whether there is any danger in eating butter made from the milk of a mad cow?

DISCOVERY OF A RELIC.—In tearing down an old building on Chestnut street, lately, a curious old document was discovered. It seems to have been the precious revelations of some philosopher who was certainly entitled to the rank of a prophet. On one page he says:—"In ye year of grace 1856, ye best garments in ye city will be found at the brown stone store kept by Rockhill & Wilson, at Nos. 23 and 27 Chestnut street, above Sixth, Phila."

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS have no equal as a tonic medicine, and as it contains no alcohol, is especially adapted to the delicate constitution of females suffering from any derangement of the natural functions, weakness or irregularity, nervous debility, &c.

IT IS NO UNCOMMON MISTAKE to suppose that an exaggeration is essential, or at least proper to fiction. The truth is rather the reverse. A principle use and justification of fiction is to reduce and harmonize the seeming exaggerations of real life. There is rarely fiction or exaggeration in saying, that the most splendid garments were ever seen than beautiful store of Granville Stokes No. 39 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.—We refer the reader to the advertisement of this popular remedy. It is highly recommended by all who have used it, and has effected wonderful results by its magic influence. We know of gentlemen in this country who have been almost bald for years, had their hair entirely restored to its former luxuriance and beauty, by the use of Wood's Hair Restorative.—*Lagrange Eclectic.*
janis eow 3

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut, Philadelphia. oct1-tf

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WINTER.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

TO SUFFERERS FROM GENERAL NERVOUS DEBILITY.—Just published, the history and uses of the Ignatia Amara and the revie of Self-Cure, with remarks on its peculiar properties in removing various maladies and irritable conditions of the Brain and Nervous System, by John M. Darrell, 29 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, New York. A copy of which he will send free, on the receipt of two Postage Stamps. dec20-4t

A REMARKABLE CURE OF INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.
Greenville, Green Co., Tenn., July 8th, 1856.

Dr. D. Jayne.
Dear Sir:

I hope you will not take it amiss to receive a letter from a friend at a distance, informing you of the effect of one of your Family Medicines—the Alterative. In November last, one of my sons was taken with a violent pain in his leg, and we thought he would not live. His family physician was called in, and pronounced his ailing Inflammatory Rheumatism. The doctor attended him for the space of five or six weeks, he still got weaker every day. For six weeks he could not be moved in his bed, but think God his mother was nothing over one of your almanacs, and found a copy of your Panacea, whose disease was the same as my son's. She did not advise him 'what to do, but put one of his brothers to read the case to him, and if he was willing to send for the doctor and try your Alterative, we would procure some for him. He gave his consent, and we brought six bottles of it. Although he became tired of the pain not more easy. I think it was sixteen bottles he took in all, and then throwed on. He is now about as well as ever working, but still the rheumatic name. I believe if he had continued with the doctor, and not taken your medicine, he would have been in his grave at this time, but by the blessing of God, and the help of your medicine, our son is now in the land of the living.

No more at present. I remain your friend and well wisher until death.
PETER HARMON, Sr.

The Alterative is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the United States. nov25-6t

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Address N. P. BAKER, Lawrence, Mass.

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jan10-4t No. 19 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

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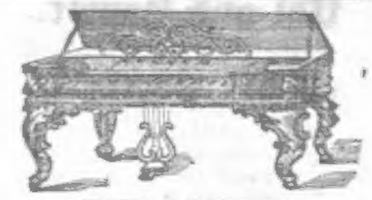

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J. ROGERS BLACK, United States; Physician.
CHEVALIER NEUKOMM, Switzerland.
GIULIANI ROTTER, 3 Baker

Wit and Humor.

A PAIR OF PHILOSOPHERS.

On a pile of planks at the foot of Walnut street, sat two gentlemen in elegant dishabille, not quite adapted to the season, consisting of thin, frock coats, and inexpressibles too well ventilated. The shirt of one appeared to have been washed about the same time that the pantaloons of the other were made; but the precise date of either circumstance might be questioned by the antiquaries. Their names, as their conversation showed, were John and Jake.

John—I guess camping out to-night won't be quite as pleasant a time as I had of it once, when I held an office under Government at Washington in time of Fillmore's administration.

Jake—Never heard of that, Johnny. What office did you hold.

John—I was appointed to stoke a steam engine at the Navy Yard. I slept every night all winter with my back right against the biler—and that was as snug a berth as any feller could roost in.

Jake—But how did it work in summer.

John—Why, you see, I just perched myself on board where the waste water run out, and the stream poured over my legs all the time I was asleep, and kept me cool and comfortable. It was delicious, I tell you.

Jake—Ah! them steam ingines is a luminiferous idea! They was inwented at the right nick of time, when everybody begun to say that hands wasn't made to work with. People hates work more and more every day, and if it wasn't for steam happyratus, we couldn't git the work done no how.

John—We might git along pretty well, if we was allowed to keep niggers—as they do down South.

Jake—Yes; but steam is better than niggers, 'cause it works on as long as you feed it up; but the more you feed a nigger, the lazier he gits.

John—(after a reflective pause)—Every thing is a goin' to be done by ingines, very soon—see if it don't.

Jake—I wish somebody would invent one as would smash them little genius as is a gnawin' at my back—so I do. Why can't there be some kind of patent labor saving contrivance to scratch a feller all over without putting him to the trouble of raking himself with his finger-nails, or rubbing his back against a lamp-post or the corner of a house? It might jest as easy be done as cotton spinning, or newspaper printing, or any of them other steam hoperations as ain't of much use to nobody. I tell you what, I've a notion of trying—

Just as the last word was pronounced, a Vandal of a watchman hooked a fore-finger in the collar of Jake's coat, simultaneously grasping John's ragged neckcloth. By this means the dialogue was broken off, and the experiment which Jake intends to try, will probably have to be performed in the vagrant department of Moyamensing Prison.—*Sunday Mercury.*

ONE OF THE LADIES.—The other day, going down the Hudson River, we were exceedingly amused with a half-seas-over individual, who was trying to "play sober." He would fix his lack-lustre eyes upon you, purse up his mouth, the corners of which were stained with segar juice; stand up so straight that he leaned over the other way; and sway backward and forward like a loose "liberty-pole" in a gale of wind. He had a "long nine" segar between his teeth, the upper end of which was crushed into the semblance of a tobacco-quid. It had holes in it, evidently; for in smoking it he played upon it as HAMLET played upon the pipe; he "governed the ventages," gave it breath with his mouth, and it disgorged most execrable fumes. He spat upon it; rolled, unrolled, and re-rolled the wrappers to it; and patched it with pieces of dirty newspaper. While thus engaged, a white-neckcloth'd clergyman came forward to look after his carpet-bag.

"Hillo!" ejaculated the inebriate, "that is Domine D——! He's a smart man, but he don't— 'Morning', Dominie D——; goin' down-t-New-York?"

"Yes—that is my purpose," answered the minister, with dignity.

"Good! so be I—and glad to get good company. I say, look o' here, Dominie—I heerd you last Sunday; you preach pooty good—got a good voice, and your words is smooth as 'lle; but you don't understand the Scripters. Now I've read the Scripters, and I know what they be. I read 'em twice-t, when I was a boy, and once sence. I tell you what 'tis, Dominie, *it takes a hoss to understand the Scripters!*"

The clergyman relinquished his search for the travelling-bag, and suddenly retreated to the cabin.—*Knickerbocker.*

TIT FOR TAT.—The following notes passed between two of our "belles:"—

DEAR ANNA:—Please send me the collar you wore at Mrs. P——'s last night, as I wish to get one like it. ELLEN B——.

DEAR ELLEN:—I make it a rule never to let any of my apparel go out of the house, unless worn by myself. ANNA G——.

P. S.—If you will come around to the house, you may look at the collar as long as you please.

In a few days afterward, Miss Anna had a want of her own, and expressed it to Ellen as follows:—

DEAR ELLEN:—I have an engagement to take a ride on horseback this evening; will you lend me your saddle? ANNA G——.

DEAR ANNA:—I make it a rule never to let my saddle go out of the house, unless used by myself. ELLEN B——.

P. S.—If you will come around to the house, you may ride the saddle as long as you please in the house.—*N. Y. Paper.*

VERY CUTE.—A lady-friend says:—"A little cousin of ours, quite unwilling to go to bed, as her mother thought was the rule for all lisping children, was one night persuaded to say 'Good-night' to the circle, and to go quietly with her to her room. Not a token of resistance was made; and after LULU was laid in her little bed, her mother bade her 'Good-night,' and was leaving the room; 'Say "Good *morning*, LULU," mamma,' said the little one. 'Good morning, LULU.' 'Then let me get up, if it is *morning*,' was the cunning reply."—*Knickerbocker.*

☞ By the statue 6 George II., c. 37, it was made felony, without benefit of clergy, to destroy an ash. Dr. Ash, a great wit, and a faithful friend of Swift, was once wet through with rain, and upon going into an inn asked the waiter to take off his coat for him; upon which the waiter started, and said he would not, for it was felony to *strip an ash*. Dr. Ash used to say he would have given £50 to be the author of that pun.

A NEW REMEDY.

The Cincinnati Commercial says:—A German who resides in Mill Creek township while recently suffering from a pulmonary attack, sent for a physician who resides on College Hill. In a short time the doctor called on him, prescribed two bottles of cod liver oil, and receiving his fee of eight dollars, was told by the German, who disliked the size of the bill, that he need not come again. The German, who, by-the bye had not heard the doctor's prescription very well, supposed he could get the oil and treat himself. The doctor saw no more of his patient for some time, but one day riding past the residence of the German, he was pleased to see him out in the garden digging lustily. The case seemed such a proof of the virtues of cod liver oil that he stopped to make more particular inquiries about it.

"You seem to be getting very well," said he, addressing the German.

"Yaw, I ish well," responded the formerly sick man.

"You took as much oil as I told you?" queried the doctor.

"Oh, yaw, I have used more as four gallons of de dog liver oil."

"The what?" said the astonished doctor.

"De dog liver oil dat you say I shall take. I have killed most every fat little dog I could catch, and de dog liver oil have cure. It is great medicine dat dog liver oil."

The doctor had nothing to say, but rode quickly away, and noticed in his memorandum book that consumption might be as readily cured with dog liver as cod liver oil.

SWALLOWING THE EVIDENCE.—William Watson, shrewd looking urchin, ten years of age, was charged with attempting to utter a very bad sixpence. The boy, it appeared, made application for half an ounce of tobacco, at a small tradesman's shop, in the neighborhood, which he said was for his father, and, in payment, quietly put down what, at first glance, appeared to be a sixpenny piece. It was instantly after detected as bad, but the youngster innocently observed—"You can tell it better by the ring, sir;" and the shopman remarking—"There can be no ring in that," dashed it on the counter, from whence it was instantly snatched, rapidly passed by the prisoner to his mouth, and it was gone.

Magistrate: "What! he swallowed it?"

Officer: "Oh, yes, sir; but he thinks nothing of any quantity that size."

Boy: "Why, you're a story! I was a bitin' it, sir, to see if it were good, and it slipped down my throat; but I'll never bite another!"

Magistrate: "What's the evidence, then?—the coin has gone."

Prisoner (eagerly): "Yes, sir, and I knows it was good: I never swallows anything as is bad!" (Laughter.)

Clerk: "Why, sir, the fact is he has swallowed the evidence."

Magistrate: "Boy, you told me you only had a mother-in-law, and you said the tobacco was for your father?"

Urchin: "Did I? Oh, yes, mother told me to say that, and I always does what her tells me."—*London Paper.*

A BAD COLD.—Almost everybody has a bad cold about now, Smith and Jones among the rest. A street-corner dialogue between them, sounded something like this:

Smith—How d'aye do, Jodes?

Jones—Pretty bwell, ody I have a bad code. How are you, Sbith?

Smith—I have subting of a code too, but its getsig bwell agN.

Jones—What bedicil did you take?

Smith—I sdudfed up laudabub al bwater. Do you take sdythig?

Jones—Do, I just grid ad bear it.

☞ A darkey set to work to cut down a very tough tree, but his axe flew back for some time, with but little effect. A storm occurred meantime, and a crashing shaft of lightning shattered a huge oak to splinters near him. "Bress de Lord!" exclaimed Sambo, "dat well done. 'Pose you try dis one nex—guess you get your match, massa!"

A SERVANT GIRL'S REMEDY.—A gentleman observing a servant girl, who was left-handed, placing the knives and forks on the dinner-table in the same awkward position, remarked to her that she was laying them left handed. "Oh, indade!" said she, "so I have! Be plased, sir, to help me to turn the table round!"

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS OF FASHION AND DRESS.

Among the costumes prepared for children within the last week, we may notice one for a little boy between four and five years of age. It consists of a tunic of purple velvet, trimmed up the front with rows of fancy braid, black figured with purple, the rows placed one above the other in the *echelle* manner. The shirt collar and sleeves of cambric, ornamented with needlework. The white trowsers are full, and confined below the knee by a band of needlework, to which is attached a full frill having a deep vandyked edge. Plaided hose, and boots of dark blue cashmere, with tips of black glazed leather.

A dress of dark blue poplin has been made for a little girl of seven. The corsage is high, and has a basque. The skirt is only long enough to descend a little below the knee, and it is ornamented at regular intervals with six perpendicular rows of trimming, consisting of narrow black velvet set on in a lozenge pattern. The basque has the same trimming set on in perpendicular rows, and one row of the same passes up the front of the corsage. The sleeves are demi-wide, and terminate just below the elbow with a *revers* trimmed in the same style as the rest of the dress. Trowsers of worked muslin; collar and under-sleeves of the same; the under-sleeves being fastened on a band at the wrists. Boots of gray cashmere with black morocco tips.

Lace is at present so highly fashionable, that there are few articles of dress in which a trimming of this beautiful fabric is not admissible. Caps formed of a combination of black and white lace still obtain favor; and black lace may be said to be almost universally employed in trimming bonnets. Among the novelties in lace which have been introduced for the season, may be mentioned tunics of Alencon, Honiton, and Chantilly. A deep flounce of the same lace falls over the lower part of the skirt of the dress, and the tunic covers the upper part. The tunic is looped up by a large bouquet of flowers, and the flounce should be headed by a small, light cordon of the same.

One of the most admired of the new evening dresses is of amber-color silk. It is made with a double skirt; the corsage in *folds*, and the short sleeves rather full. With this dress a wreath of marigolds, with garnet centres, is to be worn in the hair.—*Lady's London Newspaper of Dec. 6th.*

ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY TRAVELLING, FIRST CLASS PASSENGER.

Agricultural.

HOT BED FRAMES—GET THEM READY.

There are some luxuries which every farmer ought to enjoy, and which they can if they will. During a visit to Ypsilanti last spring Mrs. John Starkweather showed us a hotbed and frame which she had managed herself, and derived a great deal of satisfaction from its productions, and her experience was such that we think others may well try it, getting their minor "halfs" to prepare the bed and make the frame. The frame itself was made of common inch stuff nailed together, the long way being about ten feet, and the width about four or five feet. This frame was not covered with glass, but, instead, the sash was a rough frame, on which was stretched common coarse cotton cloth. During the coldest weather and at night this had a further protection of old matting or carpet. Under such a frame were grown radishes, lettuce, onions, and young cabbage plants. Tomato plants, cucumbers, and melons were started so that they were fit for use at least a month or six weeks before those grown in the open ground.

The making of a hotbed is a simple operation, which need not take any one over half a day, at a time when other work is light, and there is plenty of leisure; and when there are young people in the family, it is an employment which may be made useful, instructive and agreeable, as we hope to prove by-and-bye. We refer to it at this time, merely because during this month the frames may be prepared, and where glass cannot readily be had, the sashes may be made at home, by any one that is handy with the commonest tools. The outside should be of stout two-inch stuff, and three inches in width. These frames should be long enough to reach from back to front of the large box frame that is placed upon the hotbed, and three feet in width. Three of them will cover a bed ten feet long, and four will cover a bed of thirteen feet in length. If the bed is six feet across, a strong cross bar should be sunk into the sides like the cross bar of a sash, and from this cross bar strips may be made to reach to either end. The frame is then ready for the cloth covering, and the following preparation will be found an excellent substitute for glass. Take good white cotton cloth, of a thick, close texture, and stretch it on these frames. Two yards of yard wide stuff will cover each, and that is why they should be made three feet in width. It may be fastened on with common carpet tacks. This done, give the cloth two or three coats of paint made as follows: Take two ounces of lime water, four ounces of linseed oil, and mix them well in any vessel in which they may be heated gently over a slow fire; then take the whites of two eggs and the yolks of three, and mix them with the cooled lime water and oil. This varnish or paint may then be spread over the cotton cloth, with a paint brush. It will be found that three coats will render the cloth perfectly water proof. Each coat should be allowed to dry thoroughly before the next is applied. This preparation is greatly used in Germany, and it is found superior to glass in some respects. In the first place it is much cheaper; next, it is less liable to injury, and repairs can easily be made; and again, the frames are light to handle, being of such a weight that a girl of ten years old can readily lift them off and on. But still another advantage is, that under these coverings plants grow more healthily than under glass, not being so liable to be scorched, or made to spindle by the heat and light from the sun; and the moisture sent up by the bottom heat is more readily retained in the bed, this covering affording enough light, but light combined with shade, a matter of some importance, as every gardener well knows how watchful he must be of the tender young plants, to give them protection from the strong sun light, as well as from the intense cold.

The work of getting ready such frames may be done during this month or the early part of next, and preparations may be made for beds 6 feet in width, and 6, 9 or 12 feet in length, or of such size as may be thought most convenient.

The box for the frame may be made 3 or 3½ feet high at the back, and two to two and a half feet in front; its other dimensions will be governed by the design of the maker. Some gardeners make these boxes of much less depth, but we like a good depth of soil, and plenty of breathing room for the plants, and this will be afforded by the size we have named.—*Michigan Farmer.*

WATERING TROUGHS.—Mr. J. B. Turner of Illinois, in a communication to the Prairie Farmer, recommends large iron kettles for watering troughs. He says he has used them some years for that purpose, and considers no "other trough fit for watering cattle." He also recommends small kettles of a spider or skillet form, to be set round to feed or water a standing horse, or an occasional pig or two. There is decided point in the close of Mr. P.'s recommendation, wherein he says that "If farmers would purchase a few of these kettles of different sizes for such uses, to stand about the place, they would find them the cheapest utensils, in the long run, they could obtain, and it would save them the trouble of running all over the neighborhood to borrow, every time they killed hogs or made soap."

VENTILATING HAY STACKS.—British farmers have a method of ventilating their hay, oat and barley stacks, which we may frequently adopt with advantage; and in stacking cornstalks it would always be beneficial. They fill a bag, say 3½ feet high and 20 inches in diameter, with straw, and place it vertically in the centre of the stack, putting the barley, oats, or hay, whichever it may happen to be, round it. As the stack rises they lift the sack; and so on to the top. In this way there is a chimney formed in the centre of the rick of hay, into which the steam or gases generated find their way and escape readily.

HEAVES IN HORSES.—To feed no hay, but plenty of *bright*, whole (or uncut) straw, with all the oats they would eat, (the latter soaked in cold water three or four hours,) with a pint of oil meal [flaxseed] daily. On this feed they have worked well, and were troubled but little with the disease.

LOOK OUT FOR MICE, &c.

Last winter great mischief was done to fruit trees by mice and moles. The snow was deep and lasting, and millions of the vermin would have starved were it not for trees and shrubbery which appeared above the snow. In the swamps the young bushes were girdled to an immense extent—young maples, willows, and almost every kind of young wood was barked to sustain this brood of animals through a hard winter.

For many years we have not known such extensive attacks on young fruit trees, and it becomes us to repeat what we have before published in regard to the attacks of mice. In common winters if attention is given to beat down the first snows that come so as to make a hard bottom around the trunks the mice are not apt to do much mischief. But in such a winter as the last they would not be driven away by such a process. They were so cornered that they mounted on the tops of the snow banks to avoid starvation, and lived on bark of all kinds within their reach.

In such a winter as the last it will be prudent to look to fruit trees repeatedly and watch the vermin. Trees standing near stone walls are most exposed, and much attention must be paid to them in most cases where mice are permitted to range the fields and barns without a hunter. Cats are about as useful on some farms as some other stock, and when a suitable number of cats are kept there will be but little danger of mischief from mice.

But in all cases it is prudent to rake away all kinds of litter from the surface around the trees, or to bury it up with loam, gravel, or other earthy matter. We advise to throw up a little bank around each young tree—for this will not only keep the mice away but it will keep the trunk steady and erect till the proper time comes to level the mound and leave the soil more light than if nothing had been done.

The expense of throwing up a mound twelve inches high about the trunk of each tree just before winter is very trifling. By this all the litter suitable for mice nests is buried, and the tree is better supported than it could be by any stake that could be set.

But it is now too late to dig about trees, and the course to be pursued is to watch and beat down the snow till mid winter, when there will be but little danger.

On our own farm the cats kill more mice than chickens, and we find it profitable to keep them lest we should be overrun with unprofitable stock. In our young orchard of two hundred and thirty trees not a piece of bark was gnawed last year though twenty of the trees stood quite near an old stone wall. The orchard was tilled and no litter was left on the surface for mice to build their nests in.

We see different modes recommended to protect young trees in winter—such as smearing the trees with washes of an offensive flavor—or coating them with tin, or birch bark. But there will be no need of such trouble or cost, for a bank of earth will prove quite as useful as a tin or lead sheathing—and the cost not half a cent for a tree.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

PRESERVATION OF MANURES.

Exact practice has clearly settled the following facts, viz:—That manures should never be exposed to the sun and air, as in an open barn-yard. That they should be kept under cover, and the heap so arranged with a cistern at its lowest end, supplied with a pump, that the fluid drainage may be pumped back on the heap twice each week, or oftener if required, to prevent *fire-fanging*.

That the fluid manures should be led from the stables through inclosed gutters to the drainage cistern, and when the heat is so dry as not to supply the necessary amount of draining to keep it thoroughly wetted, that water should be added to make up this deficiency.

That when manure is giving off its odor, the owner has a hole in his pocket.

That manures are most retentive of ammonia when thoroughly moist throughout, and if any escape of ammonia is then perceptible, that a small quantity of sulphuric acid added to the drainage of the heap then pumped back, so as to diffuse itself through the mass, will effectually prevent such loss.

That manures should never be carted to the field until the farmer is ready to spread and plough them under.

That heaps of manure exposed to the sun and air in the field are continually losing ammonia, and during high winds this is carried away despite the power of colder portions to retain it.

That during winter rains, when the ground is frozen, the washing of the manure cannot be received by the soil, and thus the volatile portions are carried off by the agency of the sun and air.

That the fluid manure of three animals is worth as much as the solid manure of four.

That the value of barn-yard manures are materially increased by being composted with charcoal dust, swamp muck, pond and river bottom, head-lands, etc., before their fermentation.—*Working Farmer.*

REMOVING EVERGREENS.—There is no *season* for removing evergreens in the ordinary way like that when the buds are just swelling and the roots pushing out new fibres. There are fifty different opinions about the best time to plant evergreens. The above may be taken as ours, and it is not given without plenty of trials of other modes. We except, of course, moving the trees with a large frozen ball during winter—but one which is only occasionally practiced. Those who can get their trees with a ball of earth attached, during this winter should not put off so very beneficent an undertaking.—*Prairie Farmer.*

TRUE PLEASURE.—The unregulated gratification of the lower propensities, is short-lived, and unsatisfactory; and when the impulse of excitement is over, the moral sentiments condemn the conduct, so that no agreeable emotion arises from reflection on the past. The indulgence of these, on the other hand, under the guidance of the moral sentiments, is pleasing at the time, and not painful on retrospection; while the direct exercise of the higher sentiments themselves and intellect affords the highest present delight, and the most lasting satisfaction in futurity.—*George Combe.*

BLOOD THAT WILL NOT WASH OUT.—All arguments on this subject, *pro* and *con*, are not worth a rush, which are founded on the supposed fact that the stain on the floor of the small dark chamber in Holyrood Palace is caused by the blood of David Rizzio. The thing was always treated as a hoax by Sir Walter Scott; and he makes it the foundation of a very pleasant little anecdote, in the introductory chapter to the Second Series of "The Chronicles of the Canongate." Chambers, too, and there can scarcely be a higher authority on such a point as this, asserts that the statement is a traditionary absurdity; since the boards are comparatively modern, the floor which is now in existence not having been laid down till long after the murder of Rizzio. The old floor was worn out; the present floor supplies its place. How the stain was made I know not. I do not, for a moment, believe it was caused by the blood of a human being; perhaps by the blood of a pig or a bullock, very likely not by blood at all. The show-apartments at Holyrood are a perfect museum of spurious relics. Not long ago (perhaps it is the case to this day) a set of armor was exhibited as having been used by Henry Darnley, which it is a physical impossibility he ever could have worn. But worse than this; there was a block of marble which was stated to have been the seat on which Mary Queen of Scots sat at her coronation,—an event, by the way, which took place at Stirling, when Mary was only between eight and nine *months* old: this same block having been originally introduced into the kitchen in Hamilton Palace by a French cook for the purpose of kneading his pastry on it; from which place it was subsequently ejected as being too cumbrous, and was then transported to Holyrood, when it was at once unblushingly dubbed "the coronation stone of Queen Mary." On the general question: I do not believe that stains made by human blood will not wash out solely and expressly *because* they are made by human blood. Spill the blood of a man or a pig on soft wood, or porous stone, and in a very few hours it will sink so deeply in, that nothing but a plane or a chisel can eradicate the stain; but spill the blood on close-grained wood or hard stone, and even if it is allowed to remain there for some time, the stain will wash *clean out at once*, whether it is caused by the blood of a man or a pig.—*Notes and Queries.*

A CONSTITUTIONAL OBJECTION.—Francis the Second of Austria did not like constitutions. Baron Stifft, his physician, once said to him:

"This cough of your Majesty does not alarm me—your Majesty has a good constitution."

"What do you say?" cried the Emperor.—"We have known each other very long, Stifft, but never let me hear that word again; say robust health, or, if you like, a strong bodily system; but there is no such thing as a good constitution. I have no constitution, and will never have one."

THE WINDS.—The following table shows the frequency of the various winds in different countries. The numbers in each column denote the number of days of each wind in every thousand days:—

	N.	N. E.	E.	S. E.	S.	S. W.	W.	N. W.
England,	89	111	99	81	111	235	171	190
France,	126	140	84	76	117	192	155	110
Germany,	96	98	129	87	97	195	198	131
Denmark,	85	98	100	129	92	196	168	150
Sweden,	102	104	80	110	128	210	159	108
Russia,	99	106	81	130	98	143	105	192
N. America,	93	116	49	108	123	197	101	210

EXTENSIBILITY OF MUSLIN.—A reliable swell declares that he lately danced one evening with three young ladies, the united circumference of whose dresses amounted to a hundred yards.—*Punch.*

Useful Receipts.

MANGE IN SWINE.—John Bonner, of Hancock, Ga., communicates the following never failing remedy for mange—to wit:—"Give the pig or hog affected (according to age) from ten to twenty grains of arsenic, twice a week for three weeks, feeding him plentifully during the time, and I warrant that he will soon shed off, and become perfectly well, fat and sleek. *It will also cure the worst case of mange on any dog.* I speak from experience, and there is no danger of doses of that *size* killing either pigs or dogs.

STONE CEMENT.—According to Dr. Heller, the following composition makes an excellent stone cement:—Glue is soaked in cold water; afterwards heated, and fresh slaked lime added, until the mixture attains the proper consistency—the cement must be applied whilst warm. This cement acquires great hardness, equal to stone, and it is not influenced by water or moisture. When used for porcelain, glass, or metal, a small quantity of flour of sulphur must be added.

FLAXSEED LEMONADE.—To a large tablespoonful of flaxseed allow a tumbler and a half of cold water. Boil them together till the liquid becomes very sticky. Then strain it hot over a quarter of a pound of pulverized gum arabic. Stir it till quite dissolved, and squeeze into it the juice of a lemon. This mixture has frequently been found an efficacious remedy for a cold; take a wine-glass of it as often as the cough is troublesome.

FROSTED FEET.—Heat a brick very hot, and hold the foot over it as closely as it can be held without burning. Cut an onion in two, and dipping it repeatedly in salt, rub it all over the foot. The juice of the onion will be dried into the foot, and effect a cure in a very short time. If this is done for a few times, it is almost certain to cure your feet entirely.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

TO CLEAN KNIVES WITH EXPEDITION AND EASE.—Make a strong solution of the common washing soda and water; after wiping them, dip the blades of the knives in the solution; then polish on a knife board. The same would, of course, be effectual for forks. This simple method will no doubt greatly diminish the dislike which some servants have to this part of domestic work.

SCARLET FEVER AND SMALL POX.—Dr. W. Fields, of Wilmington, Del., says:—Having much experience in the cure of scarlet fever and small pox of the most malignant type, I would thank you, for the sake of humanity, to publish a recipe, which, if faithfully carried out, will cure forty five cases out of every fifty, without calling on a physician.

Scarlet Fever.—For adults give one tablespoonful of brewers' yeast in three tablespoonsful of sweetened water, three times a day; and, if the throat is much swollen, gargle with the yeast, and apply yeast to the throat as a poultice, mixed with Indian meal. Use plenty of catnip tea, to keep the eruption out on the skin for several days.

Small Pox.—Use the above doses of yeast three times a day, and milk diet throughout the entire disease. Nearly every case can be cured, without leaving a pock mark.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 27, 1, 31, 2, is a very unpleasant disorder.

My 26, 13, 14, 23, 19, was a southern battle-field in the Revolutionary war.

My 23, 31, 13, 4, is a title common to most nations of Europe.

My 2, 14, 21, 22, 31, 19, 16, is a Scripture proper name.

My 1, 29, 24, 23, 4, 20, is a large domestic fowl.

My 9, 3, 23, 25, 6, is a very interesting and popular novel.

My 15, 2, 22, is a Scotch verb.

My 17, 12, 24, 23, 19, 3, is a species of tree.

My 13, 15, 3, 9, 18, 25, 32, is an anatomical model.

My 3, 32, 28, 5, is a term used in law.

My 20, 4, 8, 27, 28, 23, all who strive to do their duty will receive.

My 21, 11, 7, 23, 4, 26, was a serf belonging to Emperor Paul I. of Russia.

My 16, 13, 30, 2, 5, is according to Solomon—a fool's argument.

My whole we often hear of. GAHMEW.

PHILOSOPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 43 letters.

My 14, 42, 21, 2, 30, 37, 41, 15, are the interruptions in the vibration of any body.

My 22, 30, 20, 39, 24, signifies the point to which the converging rays of light unite.

My 12, 18, 34, 43, 42, 26, is an inherent property of matter.

My 11, 3, 5, 19, 23, 40, is a continued and successive change of place either of a whole body or of the particles of which a body is composed.

My 10, 13, 6, 29, 31, 19, 25, 42, 2, 15, is that branch of philosophy which treats of the mechanical properties of the atmosphere or of the air in general.

My 7, 31, 6, 9, 21, are those points in the orbit of a planet where it crosses the ecliptic or plane of the earth's orbit.

My 17, 22, 32, 37, 1, 2, 5, 42, 35, 12, is the seeding of the rays of light.

My 34, 23, 16, 12, 36, 43, 42, 30, 4, is the passage of light or heat in rays or straight lines; these being projected from every luminous point in all directions.

My 12, 13, 29, 43, 20, 25, 7, 2, 9, is the direction in which a body or ray of light moves in its approach toward any substance upon which it strikes.

My 11, 22, 28, 12, 39, 31, is a property of light and air.

My whole is a maxim. CINROS.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 50 letters.

My 1, 3, 15, 25, 29, 30, 35, 14, is one of the United States.

My 35, 23, 46, 35, is a river in Egypt.

My 48, 17, 18, 16, 31, 39, 14, 35, is an island west of Norway.

My 38, 37, 13, 21, 41, 39, 3, is a tribe in Soverid.

My 36, 40, 46, 39, 29, 22, is a country in Europe.

My 42, 44, 27, 42, 37, 45, 50, 26, 7, is included in the Russian empire.

My 39, 31, 32, is a river in Europe.

My 7, 46, 1, 31, 26, 32, is a town on the river Elbe.

My 37, 13, 36, 1, 29, 27, 39, 37, 12, is a city in Holland.

My 13, 37, 38, 12, 44, 35, 26, 1, 35, 37, is a city in England.

My 9, 24, 32, 39, 31, 38, is the capital of a kingdom of Europe.

My 42, 7, 35, 27, 19, 7, 27, 1, 34, 31, 32, is a town in Wales.

My 39, 25, 46, 34, 23, is a town in India.

My 42, 31, 46, 24, 18, 8, 12, is a city in the island of Ceylon.

My 45, 28, 37, 18, is a kingdom in India.

My 36, 45, 36, 26, 18, is a province of British India.

My 42, 17, 48, 33, 31, 25, is one of the free ports of China.

My 46, 26, 21, 22, 7, is the religious capital of central Asia.

My 24, 11, 26, 42, 37, is a town in the empire of Japan.

My 8, 25, 12, 27, 23, 9, 27, 8, 10, 28, 2[illegible], is a river in Africa.

My 27, 31, 30, 37, 35, is a county in [illegible] Carolina.

My 12, 24, 27, 17, 42, 42, 31, is a city in Africa.

My 1, 2, 20, 8, 4, 6, is a division of the Chinese empire.

My 42, 31, 24, 13, 7, 5, 30, 23, 35, is a town in Guinea.

My 49, 27, 35, 30, 39, 16, 15, is a town in Saxony.

My 16, 4, 33, is a number.

My whole took place in the year 1620. C. A. B.
Blue-Bell.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My *first's* an animal no matter where you live,
Which nightly breets your unguarded house;
My *first* and *second* it would surely give
If you desired its wrath to arouse.

My *third's* an implement used by all
Who desire to settle in the west;
By a stroke from my *whole* many warriors did fall,
I think this is easily guessed. CINROS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In winter time when it is drear and cold,
How draw around *my first* both young and old;
But should your home to it become a prey,
When you and yours to rest have gone—
And time unheeded swift flies on—
Should all this happen, *then* would I dare say,
To save them all you'd try—
My *second* cry.
My whole is seen in summer-time,
But only in a moderate clime;—
A little thing that flies about;
I oft have seen the little girls pursue it;
What 'tis I mean—I have no doubt
You guessed it long ago—that's if you knew it.
GAHMEW

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a useful article;
My second is a boy's nickname;
My third is a literary newspaper;
My whole is a beautiful village in New York.
Hornby, Steuben Co., N. Y. C. MYRON.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A, B, C and D had certain sums of money. A said to C and D if you give me one half of your money, I shall have $1,000. B said to A, C and D if you give me one third of yours, I shall have $1,000. C said to A, B and D if you give me one-fourth of yours, I shall have $1,000 and D said to A, B and C if you give me one-fifth of yours I shall also have $1,000. Required the amount each had.

Dayton, Va. D. F. F.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are the girls of Philadelphia like a bottle yeast? Ans.—Because they are liable to fizz off.

☞ What flower most resembles a bull's mouth? Ans.—A cow's-lip.

☞ How does the aching of a tooth, impose silence? Ans.—By causing one "*to hold his jaw.*"

☞ When is the rain favorable to hay making. Ans. When it rains pitchforks.

☞ Why is the word goggle like the language of a teamster? Ans.—Because it is half G'e. (Gee's.)

☞ Why is the Franklin statue like potatoes and corn? Ans.—Because having eyes it sees not—having ears it hears not.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MUSICAL ENIGMA.—A false friend is like the shadow on a dial. ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—The Pennsylvania Volunteers. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—The University of Virginia, Charlottesville. CHARADE.—Pantheon. RIDDLE.—Whale, (Hale, Asa, Lee, E. CHARADE.—Pumpkin. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—2, 3 and 12.

HOOPS.—Hoop petticoats were introduced into England in the reign of Queen Anne. They constituted part of the female court dress, until abolished by George the Fourth. Anions were part of the dress of a fashionable lady during the early part of the last century. In 1733, they reached the ground. Muffs and black silk mantuas were also in fashion. Ornaments were worn in profusion. A watch adorned the waist, a long necklace sparkled upon the bosom, and gloves were worn over the long gloves. Powdered hair was worn so late as 1795, when it was discarded by Queen Charlotte and her daughters. Ladies wore white silk stockings, even in mourning, as late as the year 1778. After then, black silk stockings came into fashion. Shirt collars and the round hat appeared immediately after the great French Revolution.